

Which hides the heart below,
And oft it beams with sunny smiles
While dark the heart with woe,
A smile may hide a breaking heart
As flowers hide a tomb,
And none would guess that woe could be
Such loneliness and gloom.

A handsome face oft masks a heart
That's stained with crime and sin,
As sometimes fruit most fair to see
Is rottenness within.

The sweetest of that ever grow
Is hid in rough brown case,
And so a pure and honest heart
Of hides 'neath homely face.

If life is then a masquerade,
"Judge not" was wisely said,
For who appears a fairy nymph
May prove an imp instead.

But wait, for there shall come a time
When masks no more shall hide
Men's vices and the woes that lay
Close hid by human pride;

But every heart shall be unmasked
Before the judgment throne,
And every secret sin and vice
And sorrow shall be known;

And every kindly word and deed
That was in mercy given
Shall show upon the human heart
Before our God in heaven.

ON NOV. 11.

A DINNER THAT WALKED OFF.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

The way it began, Hannah was cross that day. For one thing, she had a big Thanksgiving baking to do in an old-fashioned house, where pies and cakes were made by the quantity.

Then, while she was out of the kitchen a moment, Margery, in a frolic with puss, had upset the churn with its load of cream all over the snow-white floor. That made plenty of extra work; but the crowning disaster was to find, when she went to the pantry for the beans she intended to bake, that a bottle of brandy that she had kept last summer to bathe her ankle, which she had sprained in falling down the cellar-stairs, had been upset.

It stood far out of the way on the top shelf, but, unfortunately, the dish of beans was directly under it, and the brandy had dripped over them, soaking them so thoroughly that it was not possible to use them.

But the worst was yet to come. On finding the beans ruined, she simply emptied them into the pail which stood at the kitchen door, and, washing her hands, set to work to knead her big pan of puffy bread-dough.

Now the kitchen-door opened into a woodshed, and the ash-pail, with the beans on top, was supposed to be safe enough; but, unfortunately, on this special afternoon, the outside door was ajar.

The beans had not been there long before the turkeys came around to be fed, as usual; and one of them, of a prying disposition, noticed the open door, and, probably remembering the good things that came out of the door, quietly hopped on the step and walked in.

Nothing to be seen but piles of wood for the season, now getting severe, and—yes—a pail with something in it. "Ah! that looks good; I'll try it," thought the curious turkey (no doubt). She did try it, and, not being sensitive in either taste or smell, she never stopped trying it until she had swallowed all the top ones, soaked in brandy, and then turned to go.

The effect was sad. Her head whirled around, it is supposed; at any rate, her legs refused to hold her up, and she fell to the ground insensible.

Half an hour later, Hannah went out for more wood to replenish her fire, and in the gathering darkness stumbled over the turkey still lying there.

A glance at the fowl, to see that she was not outwardly hurt, and another at the pail, told the shameful story. "Here's a fine bit o' work!" exclaimed Hannah, turning the limp turkey over. "The idiot has gone and killed herself entirely with those beans! I'd like to know who left open that door! Well, well, I want a turkey for Thanksgiving, and this one died by accident, and its meat will be as good as though I'd wrung her neck."

So muttering and grumbling to herself, after fixing her fire, she attacked the turkey, for, though she was sometimes cross, she was always economical, and she knew no questions would be asked as to how it came to its end, provided it was fat, and was roasted well.

In a few minutes, she had the feathers off, except those on the wings and tail, and she laid the picked turkey on a bench to cool, shutting the door to keep out the cat while she finished some other work.

Meantime, tea-time arrived; the family came home, and were all at the table, when the door burst open and Hannah rushed in, evidently frightened out of her wits.

"O, Mr. Winslow," she cried, "there's something in the woodshed!—all in white, and it ran after me when I went for some wood, and I aren't go out there, if you please!"

Mr. Winslow, supposing some animal had got in, left the table, and, arming himself with the poker as he passed through the kitchen, threw open the door.

Silence and darkness only. Yet in a moment came an audible rustling on the woodpile, and an indistinct glimpse of something white.

"Bring the light, Hannah!" called Mr. Winslow; and, taking a candle from her trembling hand, he led the way to the strange object.

"It's a white—why, no, it isn't!" he interrupted himself, as he drew nearer to the fluttering, frightened thing. "It's—I declare, it's a picked turkey! Where on earth—"

"A picked turkey!" screamed Hannah. "Sure, and can it be the one I picked myself this evening has come to life?"

"How did you kill it?" asked Mr. Winslow.

"I didn't kill it at all. The botherin' crater killed itself atin' beans that got soaked in my brandy, and I had to stop my work and dress it before it cooled."

"Well, it evidently was not dead," said Mr. Winslow; "but, now it's dressed, you better cut off its head."

"Oh no, papa!" cried Margery, who stood on the steps. "Don't kill the poor thing! I'll take care of it somehow."

Margery, earnestly. "Well, I don't care, child," said her father, laughing. "Do as you like, and dress it up. I want a fat gobbler, and not a five-pound hen-turkey, for Thanksgiving."

After some trouble, the shivering, naked turkey was caught and carried to the warm kitchen. It was carefully wrapped in an old skirt for the night, and tied into a basket.

The astonished creature rebelled and fought against the indignity of wearing a flannel skirt; but cold conquered it, and at last it cuddled down quietly in its strange new bed.

Through the long Sunday that followed the turkey was kept a close prisoner, and by the next morning many plans had been thought out for its comfort.

That was a great day to Margery, who was confined to the house by delicate lungs, and who longed for something to pass away the hours when lessons were over and the daily sewing "stint" finished.

Here was something to do! The new pet was fed, and the lessons and sewing hurried through, so that by noon she was free to carry out her plans!

By this time, the turkey had found out that Margery wouldn't hurt it, and was not so frightened as it had been last night; so when the little girl took it in her arms, it made no objection.

"Now you must have a name," said Margery, softly, carrying her new plaything off into her own especial corner of the big kitchen, where work and Hannah never came. "Let me see," she went on, "I'll name you after my lovely doll that got broken—Kristine—and I must make you some clothes, so you can walk around, and not be hobbled up so."

With the help of mamma, the busy little girl contrived a sort of coat for Kristine. It was made of an old shawl, and was bright scarlet, with black and white plaid.

It came pretty well up on the neck, and of course covered the naked legs; the wings were left inside. It was fastened together at the breast, and was really a pretty good fit—considering.

As ornament Margery sewed some of the fringe of the shawl around the neck, like a ruff, at the edges where wings ought to be, and around the legs. So, when dressed, the unfortunate, or rather the naughty turkey, looked like a new plaid variety of scarlet flamingo, with side-pockets and fringed drawers.

The appearance of Kristine stalking around in her new suit was very funny. How the boys did laugh! and even papa had to wipe away the laughing tears.

In this dress, the next morning, after she had been fed daintily, Margery introduced her to her old friends of the poultry-yard by opening the kitchen door and letting her walk out where the turkeys were taking their breakfast.

Margery thought they would be glad to see her, but alas! this distinguished stranger in gay attire was not recognized. They stared and scolded at her, and the old gobbler ruffled up his feathers, and dragged his wings on the ground, and came to her, saying, angrily—

"Gobble-gobble-gobble!" Kristine seemed to be disheartened at this coolness on the part of her family, and slunk into a corner, as though ashamed of her fine dress. Then the family crowded around her to punish her impertinence in coming among them, and actually began to peck at her.

Margery, who was watching from the window, could hardly believe her eyes at first; but yes, they were actually pecking at the poor outcast, who finally fled screaming across the yard. Margery flew to the door, and Kristine hurried in, just in time to escape the whole family, who were close upon her.

"You poor, dear Kristine!" she murmured over her when she had her safely in arms. "Did they peck you?—the naughty things! You shan't go with them any more! You shall stay with me in the house."

So it came to be at last, Hannah grumbled a little, but, after all, she couldn't say much, for it was by her own fault that the poor thing lost its own winter coat. Before long the family grew quite attached to Margery's pet, whose name they shortened to Kris.

On her part, Kris was a very bright bird. She would come when called by name, and she never failed to be on hand at meal-times, when she would walk around the table and receive delicate bits from every one.

While her little mistress was studying or sewing, Kris would stand and look at her, turning her knowing head first one side and then the other, and sometimes saying, in a reflective way:

"Quit!" As soon as books and work were put away she was ready for play. In fact, she enjoyed her strange life very much, and grew fat under it, so that pretty soon the boys began to tease Margery by suggesting that her pet was ready to take her place on the table.

The only time she seemed to be uncomfortable was when the cheerful kitchen was scrubbed.

No sooner did Hannah appear on the scene with scrubbing-brush, and go down on her knees to polish the floor, than Kris would hop, by a sort of ladder which one of the boys had made for her, up to a corner of the high mantel over the fireplace, and there she would sit, all humped up and miserable, till the work was done, or until her little mistress came and took her into the sitting-room.

The place where Kris was intended to spend the time of her banishment from the yard was a large chamber over the woodshed, which was kept warm by the kitchen chimney, and there's where her bed or roost was prepared for her, and where she was shut up every night; but she was so lonely and unhappy, and tried so hard to get out, and Margery was so fond of her to a playmate, that she generally got down before breakfast and did not go back until bedtime, which is at dusk in the turkey family, you know.

Well, the winter passed away and spring came. Kris grew a new set of feathers under her plaid dress, and when the weather became warm, mamma said she must leave off her dress, and go out of doors with the rest. So the first really

was careful not to go too near the turkeys, though they did not object to her now in her feather-dress. After a few days she stayed most of the time with them, only coming when called, and generally making a visit to the table for her usual treats.

She had not been out very long when one morning Margery went out to see her, and she was gone. No one had seen her since breakfast. Margery felt very badly, and, after looking all about, came to the sad conclusion that she had strayed away and got lost, for the whole flock wandered far off to feed. But the next morning, at breakfast-time, Kris walked in as usual and began to beg for food. Margery hugged her and fed her, and she ate as though she was starved.

When she had finished her meal she went out again, and about noon her little mistress sought her again, and again she was missing.

This now became the regular thing with Kris. Every morning she was on hand for her breakfast, and, in spite of watching, she would slip away and hide so that no one could find her again.

Poor Margery was almost heart-broken at this tendency to vagrancy in her pet, but Hannah only smiled and said: "Wait a bit, and you'll see something nice."

But, though Hannah had her suspicions, she was not prepared for what really occurred one day.

After this strange conduct had been going on for a few weeks, there came a day when Hannah had another scare. She declared that tramps or thieves were up in the wood-shed chamber; she heard them and she dared not go up.

While she stood in the wood-shed telling Margery in a whisper about it, the child heard a step that she knew.

Kris hopped down on to the top step of the stairs which led to the room overhead. After a moment she hopped to the next, and after her came, one by one, twelve baby turkeys.

Margery screamed with delight, and ran to catch Kris and pet the whole family, while Hannah rushed up stairs in dismay and saw a sight that shocked her more than the fear of tramps.

In that room trunks and things not in use were stored, and a month or more ago Hannah had carried up there a large, square, "sawbasket" with a cover—a basket such as the Oneida Indians of New York State make for various household uses of their white sisters. This basket was nearly full of the winter supply of woolen stockings, all neatly mended and laid away till fall. In this basket, on these soft stockings, had Madame Kristine made her nest and hatched out her interesting family.

She must have found the door ajar, and managed to pry off the cover, which lay on one side, and here she had hidden all these weeks.

The room was put in order and the door closed, and Kristine was provided with a place in the yard. Every day she wandered off with her babies, but she never started until she had visited the breakfast-table with her whole brood to get her regular morning meal.

At first it was funny to see them run around and pick up crumbs, but as they grew it began to be troublesome to have a flock of turkeys so much at home in the house. So mamma made a new law, that Kristine and her family must be fed at the door.

After that, her life was like that of the other turkeys, only she knew her name and would come when called, and never failed to run up to Margery whenever she saw her.

And the dinner that walked away last year supplied twelve dinners this year, and provided Margery with a fine lot of pocket-money for her pains.

Thanksgiving.

Many of our readers—and they need not be very old—can recollect when Thanksgiving day was exclusively New England holiday, and in which the others of the older States did not participate. As New Englanders migrated westward, and helped to found new States, they carried with them their usage of annually observing a day of thanksgiving, it is thus that the custom has spread to other States, until now, having been confirmed by the action of recent Presidents, Thanksgiving has become no longer a partial but a national holiday. It is well that this, originally a farmer's holiday, has a general observance. It is most fitting that the farmers of this land should, on one day in the year, gather in their scattered children, and in one of the holiest of temples—home—give thanks for that upon which the prosperity of the nation rests—the abundant harvest. It is pleasant to think upon Thanksgiving day in its higher aspects, but not the less so in its associations and its minor influences. Being emphatically a home holiday, it more than all others affects the homes of the land, not less the homes in towns and cities than homes upon farms, and long before the day is at hand the thought that "Thanksgiving is coming" controls the movements in households everywhere. The home that is not upon the farm is none the less to observe the day; it, too, is to have its "feast of fat things," and the city housekeeper looks to her sister in the country for a fatted turkey, "wherewith to make merry."

A large share of the demand for the turkey, the bird that has become so essential to the thanksgiving feast, is supplied by those farmers whose flocks number hundreds; but aside from these, the turkey plays an important part on many small farms, and the bird, besides "furnishing forth," the material for many a home feast, is in itself a cause for grateful thanks. Many a mother to help the family purse; many a daughter, in pride at being independent of her father's hard earnings, to meet her personal wants, looks to her flock of turkeys; and as Thanksgiving draws nigh, she counts and feeds her flock with pleasant dreams of the day in which the hopes of many days will be consummated. Blessed be the observance which touches so nearly so many human hearts. Blessed be the day which brings joy to so many homes—which, to the wanderer, wherever he may be, turns his thoughts toward home. And when has the American farmer had greater occasion on Thanksgiving day than now to say: "Oh! give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good and his mercy endureth forever."—*American Agriculturist.*

The weather's getting cold;
The ground is frozen, and the snow
Covers the farm and fold,
The farmer sits and sings beside
His cheerful beechwood fire,
And chats on his knee doth rife,
And prattles to their sire.

The kettle on the crane still swings;
His good wife rambles round,
And vends from the larder brings,
As good as any found;
The neighboring stock are housed and fed,
The sheep are in the fold;
There's wood within the grate and shed,
Without the snow and cold.

How goes it, friend, these chilling days?
Are you prepared to meet
The north-wind's blasts, the icy glaze,
And winter's snow and sleet?
Are you prepared to face the wild,<
Belated snow-king's greet,
Supplied with food for wife and child,
And reindeer, too, as well?

If not, God pity you, my friend!
For clarity is cold,
And sympathy no clothes will lend.
Unless endorsed by gold.
True charity has open ears,
But is seldom found;
That little of the true appears
To aid the poor around.

God pity you, full well, my friend!
And care for you and yours,
And may the food and reindeer send
While winter's cold endures;
And when the May-day comes again,
With bright sunshine and flowers,
May you forget the spell of pain,
And live in brighter hours.

GRAYSVILLE, PA.

SALLY WAGGS, OF DANBURY.

By all accounts it was more than a century ago that Miss Sally Waggs so astonished the people of this place that they made the remark then, and were given to frequent repetitions of it afterward, that Sally Waggs would have made a great stir in the world had she been a man. Whether it was in 1779 or a few years earlier is not so certain as that it was just as the pumpkin pie of a Thanksgiving dinner had been eaten, and the hickory nuts and hard cider were brought from the pantry. It was while all the company was at this dinner that Miss Sally Waggs said a thing to the people that made the grandfather look very stern, and the son go for his gun, and the others, a dozen of them old and young, forget the heaviness that followed their eating.

What Sally Waggs then said, and what she did for an hour or two thereafter, is a story that has been told in the old Scribner mansion on the Litchfield turnpike over the nuts and cider at every Thanksgiving night since, and the freshness and delight of it are always the same. It was told to-night again, and the faded coat that Sally Waggs wore was held up and reverentially touched, as it has been on a hundred or more anniversaries.

Now the wonder of it all seems to have been that such a damsel as this young Sally Waggs should have turned such a corner in her manner of life of a sudden. For her character, or rather her disposition, like her name, appears to have been, up to the time she was 20 years old, very flat. Moreover, her father, old Timothy Waggs, was of no more account in the community than to be regarded as just the man to dig the graves for the dead, and toll the bell for their funerals, and to touch off the swivel on Kick hill at auspicious moments. When he did not do these things, he seemed to make a business of undertaking of rum or hard cider, and it is of him that there never was a time when he did not have this failing, because it appears in the old records of the town that about the time when the capture of Louisburg was celebrated he went so much further than his companions as to make merry on the Lord's day. This was more serious by far than to be a little merry on any other day, and they sent him to the common jail for three weeks therefor.

So, by reason of her father's business and position, and perhaps because of his name, Miss Sally Waggs had nothing to commend her to anybody. And yet of all the girls in that day there was none who could milk a cow with her, nor sooner find one that had strayed into the woods. This doubtless led Squire Scribner to take her into his family for a help to his wife, and Mrs. Scribner used to say that she was past dispute stupid in her speech and brisk about her work beyond comparison with any damsel thereabouts.

There happened to be at the Thanksgiving dinner at which Sally made the revelation of herself a young gentleman who was regarded as a man of parts, and especially worthy of consideration, because his father sent a brigantine to the West Indies from New Haven once in a while laden with goods, and brought her back filled with sugar and rum.

This young fellow was thought to have addressed more than one missive to Squire Scribner's daughter Jerusha. At all events, he was friendly with the family, and had tried his wit at a jest with Sally, and came off sadly worsted, because she said nothing to him, but only looked at him with a vacant stare in her brown eyes.

He did not like being laughed at, for he had vowed, as a jest, as he was coming home from the Thanksgiving sermon, that he would make Sally Waggs say something that would astonish them that day.

"Ninapence ha'penny to a sixpence you fail," said the Squire.

"I'll win that, and wear the silver as a token," said young Lathrop.

So he said to Sally, as she brought a pitcher of cider in and put it by the Squire's place:

"Sally, what would you do if you was King George of England?"

She looked at him only, and the other smiled.

"Sally," he continued, perhaps a little irritated, "would you troth yourself to me if I asked you?"

"Not till you won me," she answered, without seeming to be conscious of any sharpness in the reply.

"And how could I win you?" he persevered.

"By fighting ten red coats at once."

"Give me the chance and I'll do it," Sally quitted the room for the nuts or some such dessert, and young Lathrop demanded his silver piece of the Squire. But the old gentleman refused it, and they had an argument about the merits of the wager, that was so interesting and made such laughter that they minded not the lapse of time.

It was getting so dusk that the forms, but not the faces, were visible, and the Squire was for lighting the candles,

but as long as he never Squire Scribner insisted that it was not Sally Waggs who spoke, albeit he could not deny that her body stood in the doorway, and that her eyes, even in the dusk that the firelight brightened, sparkled, and her lips moved.

As for young Lathrop he was beyond all power of making out the meaning of it, so surprised was he; and, surprised as he was, he was quick enough to see that there was something about this young woman's look and manner now that forced admiration from him.

"Will you be stupid?" she said; "will you sit there with your pig and pie driving you into a doze, and let them come and prison you and do worse for the women? You may sit still, if so be it's your will, but I'll fight them till they kill me."

She went to the corner of the room, and, leaning upon a chest that stood there, reached up and took down a musket that hung upon the wall. Amazed as young Lathrop was at this action, it did not escape his notice that the arm that she put up when she reached for that musket was worth more than a moment's notice, not only because of the whiteness, but also because of the graceful swell of it.

"What mean you, girl?" said Grandfather Scribner, whose mind went back to the year when the settlers in these parts were ready for surprises, and even went to meeting with their flintlocks for walking-sticks.

"Tell me where are your ears?" Sally answered, not yet dismounting from the table, but, pouring powder from the horn into her hand and a tremendous charge of shot, she loaded the weapon and then primed it. Then she put the butt upon the table, and, bracing herself therewith, leaned over and opened the window.

"Listen, now," she said. "Hear you not the red-coat Britishers firing? They're coming this way. They'll arson the house as I live. See the light of the flames. Where can be the borough militia?"

The reports of musketry were distinct, and the light that came from over the hills showed the track of the invaders. Then it was that Grandfather Scribner seized his gun and the Squire seemed to awaken to the business before them.

"And you," said Sally Waggs, going up to young Lathrop; "will you stand there like Tom Perkins' lad at school with a dunce's cap on? What will you do? Will you go with us, or will you hide under a petticoat?"

Young Lathrop hesitated not a minute. "In truth, Sally Waggs, you are a young woman of spirit. You'll not find me wanting."

Just then old Tim Waggs, faint with running and terror, came in, and, spite of his anxiety, his first thought was of his stomach, and he begged for a mug of flip, or cold, if they hadn't hot water ready. So they gave him a mighty mug of liquor that he made short ad with, and then told them that a handful of British had given the Continental coasters the slip, and were marching up from the coast, shooting, burning and robbing, and sad work of it they were making, too, he added. For their coming was so sudden, and so many of the young men were away with the Continentals, that the few lads who tried to stop them on Ridgefield hill were of no more avail than a breath of wind.

"And they've heard of your cattle and rum, Squire Scribner, and it'll not be two hours later before they're here."

"How many are there, Tim, to the best of your knowledge?" asked the Squire.

"Not more than two dozen nor less than a score, Squire."

"But we are no match. There are only four men, including you, Tim, who are more likely to run than fight," said the Squire.

"Not more than four. I'll venture I'll give the red coats cause to think that there are more than four, or twice four," said Sally Waggs.

"And what would you do, Sally?"

"This is what I would do, and will do. Perceive the darkness coming; that will help us or I mistake. Now, father, go to the great barn and take the three lanterns and light them. Mr. Lathrop, you light the two you will find on the beam back of the kitchen oven, and, Squire Scribner, if you have your heart in it, prepare powder and shot, and suffer grandfather to load the guns the while, and put no rabbit shot in the muzzles, either. I will be back myself in the space of five minutes or thereabouts."

Squire Scribner said long after that it surprised him, as he thought it all over, that he did not conjecture that this stupid girl was out of her head, instead of implicitly following the commands she gave them.

In five minutes, more or less, the form of a man appeared in the dining-room with a gun in his hand, and so much of a stranger that the bewildered women were in a great state of consternation, and it was not until the man spoke, and spoke with the voice of Sally Waggs, that confidence was restored.

Indeed, the form seemed that of a man, because Miss Sally had upon her head the cocked hat and on her body the regimental coat that Grandfather Scribner had worn in the French war, twenty years back, and, as for the short clothes and stockings, the mystery of the arrangement by which Miss Sally made herself appear from the knees down like a heavy-limbed young fellow was never explained.

"Five men of us," she said, and with no such thought of the picturesque, perhaps comical, picture she made as flitted through the quick brain of young Lathrop.

She led them out to the hill that flanks the highway by which the British must come, a matter of a hundred rods from the house. Then she commanded her father to fasten the five lanterns to a long pole, and attach each end of that to a tree, and the moment she gave command he was, by such violent swinging of the pole, to make, by the confusion of lights, the five lanterns seem as near as fifty as the alcohol in his nerves would permit.

Without one word of remonstrance Squire Scribner obeyed her, and got behind a tree, and Grandfather Scribner knelt, the better to steady his muscles, by a rock, while Capt. Sally and young Lathrop stood exposed.

By-and-by the British came along.

Young Lathrop was for shooting them away out of range, and Capt. Sally found it necessary to give him a tap on the hip with the butt of her musket that made him wince before he came into discipline.

"Now," whispered Capt. Sally, "when I give the military command, father, see to it that the lanterns quiver like firebugs, and we'll give them a reception from the Squire's farm that some of their mothers and sweethearts will lament."

Then she stepped out into full view, with young Lathrop by her side. She waved her gun with as nearly like the encouraging motion which a commander gives his sword on entering actions as the weapon would permit, and then gave this astounding order:

"Halt the whole universe, by flank into kingdoms—fire!"

The military command astonished the British, but that was nothing to the surprise that followed the volley. Two or three went down, and one staggered and made his way to the roadside, and when the others, looking up, saw the multitudinous display of flickering lanterns, they took no second thought as to whether they had better stay and fight or go the other way. They went with all speed, not stopping to see who were left behind.

Now, of all the nursing and care that wounded soldiers had in all that struggle of the Revolution, none had better than the three men whose bodies had been the targets of Capt. Sally's army, for Miss Sally Waggs nursed them herself.

By the next day the Continental militia were on hand and had driven these marauders back.

From that time on, Miss Sally Waggs went on a new road. It seemed as if she had awakened that night from a sleep that had lasted since her birth. Her advice was wisdom, her courage inspiring, and her ambition great. So great, in fact, that some years afterward she married young Lathrop and his ships and other possessions, and more than one of her descendants have been in high places since.—*Danbury (Ct.) Cor. New York Sun.*

The Ruling Passion.

It was in 1812—a week-day appointment for a Methodist meeting at Anthony's Creek, Greenbrier county, Va. Brother J— was to preach. The larger game, bear, wolf, and even puma, were not uncommon thereabouts, and deer were abundant. The preacher had some pulpit ability, and at times was impassioned and eloquent. Though not young, he was unmarried, peculiar, and seldom smiled. The congregation were mainly rude hunters and their rustic families; and the trusty rifle, the faithful dog, the picturesque hunting-shirt, with "brain-tanned" moccasins, and belt, and gleaming knife, were as sure to put in their appearance at "week-day meeting" as the hunter himself. The place of worship was at Father Perkins' double cabin, which had been built with as much reference to worship as to the comfort of his own family. This notable man of four-score was quite distinguished for piety and his gifts both in prayer and as class-leader, but not more so than he had been by his superiority as a hunter. With him the ardor of the passion for the chase was unabated, though he was entirely disabled by the infirmities of age. The writer has, at the same sitting, been entranced at narrations of the hazards of his hunter's life, and edified by his deep, undoubted, child-like piety.

It was a grand occasion for Brother J—. With a crowded house, and nothing to divert attention, unless it were the large number of rifles and guns, which, as usual, were placed conveniently near against the fence of the yard, and outside the wall of the house itself. The opening service gave great promise of a "good meeting." Both Brother J— and Father Perkins were quite demonstrative in their devotions. The congregation became deeply interested. The preacher warmed with his subject, argument culminated into poetic imagery, and the pathos and power of unstudied eloquence melted and overwhelmed the rude audience.

But between the eloquent strains of the impassioned preacher the trained ears of the congregation detected the peculiar yelp of a well-known old hound. The sagacious brute was understood and believed, and the congregation was electrified. This manifestation of intense interest invaded the rude pulpit, and roused Brother J—to still higher strains, which were presently interrupted by the thunder of the approach of a herd of deer closely pursued by the fleet and faithful dogs. Simultaneously with the climax of the last burst of eloquence the entire congregation, pell-mell, broke for the door.

As the earnest preacher dropped his hands to the rude desk, with a comical tone of sadness and disappointment on his lips, and holy horror depicted on his face, with bitterness of soul he exclaimed:

"It is no use! It is no use!"

To which the piping voice of the infirm and rheumatic old hunter and class-leader responded, with great earnestness:

"Yes, it is, Brother J—; they'll catch 'em, certain sure."—*Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine.*

What a Naturalist Saw.

An English naturalist, while preserving ants and spiders in bottles of alcohol, met with a touching exhibition that caused him to forego further experiments. He wished to preserve a large female spider and twenty-four of her young ones that he had captured. He put the mother into a bottle of alcohol, and saw that after a few moments she folded her legs upon her body, and was at rest. He then put into the bottle the young ones, who, of course, manifested acute pain. What was his surprise to see the mother arouse herself from her lethargy, dart around and gather her young ones to her bosom, fold her legs over them, again relapse into insensibility, until at last death came to her relief, and the limbs, no longer controlled by this maternal instinct, released their grasp.

LOVE IN DREAMLAND.

"Drunk again, you see, doctor. Yes, drunk again! The same old story. What next?" It was a pale young man in the thirties who spoke thus, and there was an exceeding weariness in the tone of his voice and bearing.

The great physician who sat opposite to him, nodded gravely.

"Aye," continued the young man, in the same dreamy manner as before, "I just recollect something about it. I was picked up in the gutter by a policeman last night. My front teeth, I find, had been kicked down my throat, or out of it—at all events they were gone; but I managed to make myself intelligible, and hiccupped out that I lived here. It was a lie—I always tell lies at these times—but I was afraid to go home. Home! I have no home—but at my brother's house. Why was I afraid? I was afraid because I had robbed him. I had stolen his wife's miniature and the coral necklace of his child to buy drink. I have spent the money for which I pawned them and here I am again."

He spoke without the smallest emotion and then fixed his eyes doggedly on the ground. He had naturally something of the student's stoop, and now he bent so low that he looked the very picture of abject misery. The physician whom he addressed gazed at him meanwhile with intense compassion. Walter Clifford and Cecil Graham had been schoolfellows together at Herrow, and fast friends at Oxford. Graham, (the doctor), after passing his examinations creditably, though without distinction, had taken a degree as a physician, and being a man of much sound sense and observation, rather than an abstract scholar, had rapidly risen to the first rank in his profession. Clifford, who had gone through his academic career much more brilliantly, and had taken high honors, was a poor, degraded vagabond, a begging letter writer, a creature whom it was not safe to receive into one's house lest he should steal something.

Yet in spite of all there was a nameless dignity about the castaway, and it was hard to believe that one who in his calmer hours spoke and thought so nobly should be so vile. The night before the conversation just recorded he had been brought senseless to Dr. Graham's house, a shameless bundle of dirt and rags, but the doctor, being unmarried and free to follow his instincts as a good Samaritan, had recognized him at once, housed, fed and clothed him anew. The same thing had happened at least twenty times before, and Graham was wondering how and when such visits would end.

"Come, cheer up, old fellow!" he said kindly. "I've got an idea. Go down and live with my aunt in Cornwall. She is a worthy soul and makes capital tea. You used to like tea, I remember. You will do as you like, eat excellent apple puddings, and help her to manage her bees and her cucumbers whenever you feel inclined. I have got a little estate down there, too, you know, which I inherited from my dear mother. Be my agent till something better turns up. I can't afford to give you more than a hundred a year, but you will, of course, live at free quarters, and there is really some very good fishing. Promise me only not to tittle, and—Come, is it a bargain?" The doctor stretched out his hand and looked brightly on the human ruin before him. He tried to seem as though he were asking a favor, instead of conferring one.

Clifford moved uneasily in his chair but made no motion to take the doctor's proffered hand. Presently, however, he turned his head away, and began speaking in a vague, musing manner, as though he was talking to himself.

"You all fancy it is drink which is the root and organ of mischief in my case," he muttered. "As a matter of fact, it is only a graft upon what is a deadlier, because a far more subtle and invisible malady. Since childhood I have been given to a habit of dreaming—of completely withdrawing myself from my surroundings, and retiring into a world of my own creation—What Coleridge required opium to effect, I could do without extraneous aid, for a time, but I soon found out that stimulants would rouse my jaded imagination when it lagged. First tea and coffee were enough; then, as these lost their effect from constant use, I resorted to wine, and as wine was slow in its effect, to spirits. The doctor, who was not devoid of humor, here laid his hand on Clifford's arm, and said, demurely: 'My aunt has an old pony which has a habit of shying at unconsidered trifles. He is also a wrong-headed pony, and she will not bear of his being whipped. Whenever these fits come on you, take her out for a drive, and your attention will be fully occupied. For the rest cold water shower baths, fresh fruit, indexing books—anything that will keep your mind occupied; and—well, if that won't do, 'bitch your body well with stinging nettles.' It is a very ancient remedy, and I should think might answer a mental diversion in your case. At all events, forswear the bottle."

"The bottle!" answered Clifford, sadly. "How shall I convince you that I do not care for it? Up to yesterday even I had fought for some time pretty successfully against the dream demon, as you will call it, and had only drunk moderately of wine at my brother's table. It was the afternoon, that time toward four o'clock when our vitality is said to be at the lowest—mine certainly is. I thought a glass of absinthe would relieve me, but then it occurred to me that the absinthe would not give me the slightest pleasure or solace if I could not dream over it. It I had to think on the past and present after drinking it, it would only intensify my feelings and make them the more terrible. So I did not drink, and turned my steps toward home, sorrowful and dejected. It was then that the enchanted castle rose before me in all its allures. I was drawn, or went, if you will, toward its portals, and once I enter there my will is gone. That means drink. To resume—primary evil, dreaming. Graft upon it, drink."

"Rouse yourself, man," replied the physician with affectionate earnestness. "Your case is in your own hands. Think of all the wise hold dear in life—of man's esteem, of woman's affection and of the world's honor."

"Supposing that I like my world better than yours?" replied the dreamer. "Who knows which is the better, the world of facts or that of fancy? Here, I

am a shabby outcast; the very children on your streets cry out on me. There, not royal Israel in his glory was arrayed with more magnificent than I. I feast off sumptuous fare served to me by Numidian maids on golden salvers. I drink rich wines from jeweled goblets, cooled with mountain snow. My abodes are ivory palaces, built by pleasant waters, where the white cygnet weds the lily queen, and there I am made glad. In my gardens the tall cedar spreads her ample canopy against the noonday sun. Flowers of gorgeous hues and subtle fragrance cluster over crystal fountains. The lucious fruit hangs ripe upon the lime and orange tree. Terrace upon terrace rises range upon range, each thronged with graceful statues, till all are crowned by graceful towers, whence my banner floats. The groves beneath are full of nightingales and dancing elves. Fairy minstrels awaken the lutes that give answer to soft dulcimers. The distant clash of far Tintinnabula comes from afar, each with a silver sound. My word is power. In my audience halls await ambassadors from subject nations. My laws give wealth and peace to millions, and when I ride abroad, attended by my court and ministers, my people crowd about my horse's rein to kiss my feet, and shout with heart and voice: 'God save the king.'"

"That way lies madness," remarked the doctor gravely. "We call it delirium, or a morbid passion for vain glory."

"What would you give me in exchange for it?" replied the dreamer, grimly. "Chambers in Plump Court or Lincoln's Inn; a Sunday dinner with my friendly editor or kind attorney, till I had grown base enough to be knighted with some huxter, made rich by cheating his fellow men; or, were I steeped to the very lips in infamy, till I was made a junior baron in your falling house of lords, a tool of party, the very essence of a rascal?"

"Wake up, I say," replied the doctor, rather testily. "Wake up, and be a man!"

"No, thank you," replied Clifford. "I would rather return to my slumbers. Lately, too, there has come into my slumbers a vision of unutterable loveliness. Her form is all my soul has ever pictured of the beautiful; her voice is what my ears have keenest sought in music; her eyes are lode-stars, and her lips are sweeter than the honeycomb, though shape and voice and lips be all of air. Good-bye."

"Yet stay," said Graham, anxiously, "or, at least, do not go empty handed. Take this, and when it is gone, why, come again, for auld lang syne."

The vagabond's hand clutched almost fiercely at the coins held out to him. "Never fear," said he with an absent laugh, "you will see me again."

Then his spare, bent figure went shambling away out of the doctor's house, which was all bathed in sunshine, and passed into the shadow beyond.

"Poor devil!" sighed the prosperous physician. "I must not let him go; he is staggering straight to a mad-house." And Graham seized his hat, but his servant met him in the doorway before he could pass out.

"There are twelve patients, sir, in the waiting-room," said the man mechanically, "and here are three telegrams."

The doctor put down his hat. He was vexed and angry with himself. Duty is a hard taskmaster. But could anything have been done for Walter Clifford?—London Tru'.

USEFUL HINTS.

If the collar or cuff be too stiff to button easily, press the finger a little dampened with water to the button-hole, and you will have no further trouble.

To restore color when acid has been dropped on any article of clothing, apply liquid ammonia to kill the acid; then apply chloroform to restore the color.

CARPETS should be thoroughly beaten on the wrong side first, and then on the right, after which spots may be removed by the use of ox-gall or ammonia and water.

To KEEP seeds from the depredations of mice, mix some pieces of camphor with them. Camphor placed in trunks or drawers will prevent mice from doing them injury.

To CLEAN gold: Powder some whiting, and make it into a moist paste with some sal volatile. Cover over the gold ornaments and surface with a soft brush, let it dry, and then brush it off with a moderately-hard brush.

To JOIN alabaster: Ornaments of alabaster or plaster may be joined together by means of a little white of an egg, thickened with finely-powdered quicklime; or by a mixture of newly-baked and finely-powdered plaster of Paris, mixed up with the least possible quantity of water.

To REPAIR a damaged mirror: Pour upon a sheet of tin foil about three drachms of quicksilver to the square foot of foil. Rub smartly with a piece of buckskin until the foil becomes brilliant. Lay the glass upon the foil, and place upon it a block of wood or a piece of marble with a perfectly flat surface; put upon it sufficient weight to press it down tight; let it remain in this position a few hours. The foil will adhere to the glass.

It is said that pencil drawings may be rendered ineffaceable by this simple process: Slightly warm a sheet of ordinary drawing-paper, then place it carefully on the surface of a solution of white resin in alcohol, leaving it there long enough to become thoroughly moistened. Afterward dry it in a current of air. Paper prepared in this way has a very smooth surface. In order to fix the drawing the paper is to be warmed for a few minutes. This method may prove useful for the preservation of plans or other designs, when the want of time, or any other cause, will not allow of the draughtsman reproducing them in ink. A simpler plan than the above, however, is to brush over the back of the paper containing the charcoal or pencil sketch a weak solution of white shellac in alcohol.

THOS. JEFFERSON, a crippled old shoe-black of Vicksburg, Miss., has just been made happy by \$6,543, his accumulated pension for service in the Union army.

A SWEET, WILD ROSE.

"Well, since you mention it yourself, Hal, I will confess that I was surprised to find you engaged to Miss Brookfield," said Ned Chester to his life-long chum, Hal Elmendorf, "for when I went abroad you were most emphatically denouncing the heartlessness and selfishness and extravagance and a few other amiable characteristics of the girls, and seemed sincere in your determination to remain a bachelor. And your letters have given no hint of a change in your sentiments. Quite the contrary. Your last, by the bye, was most perplexing. In it you suddenly jumped from the Clauson mine to a sweet 'wild rose,' of whom you had previously told me nothing. If I remember aright, the sentence introducing her read thus: 'And the dividends this year are much larger than this sweet wild rose that I have found in my lonely place, and am almost persuaded to court and marry, after the manner of Tennyson's landscape painter.'"

Elmendorf threw away his cigarette, looked thoughtfully into space a moment, and asked, "Should you like to hear all about it, old fellow?"

"Of course, I should," replied Chester. "Lives there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, 'I take no interest in sweet, wild roses?'"

"As you remarked a few moments ago," began Elmendorf, "just as you crossed 'the briny' I became disgusted with fashionable young ladies in general, and, as you did not remark, for fear of hurting my feelings, with Eudora Brookfield in particular. It was rather hard on a romantic young fellow, who was a awful spoony on a girl, to be told by that girl that his fortune considerably enchanted his attractions in her eyes, and that for her part she thought love in a cottage, on less than \$5,000 a year, must be the dearest of existences. We quarreled as you know, and parted. I, filled with scorn of managing mammas and fortune-hunting daughters, donned a blue flannel suit and coarse broad-brimmed hat, and carrying with me a small valise, started for anywhere—anywhere out of the world."

"At noon of my second day's travel the train stopped at a quiet, tree embowered station, and following the impulse of the moment I jumped off, struck into a lonely, shady road, resolving to keep on, on foot, till fate should say, 'thus far and no farther.'"

"I would not be married for my fortune. I would be loved for myself, or not at all. And growing stronger in resolution at every step, I suddenly found myself in front of a small gray cottage. On the porch of this cottage sat a middle-aged woman, sewing. To her I advanced and humbly preferred a request for a drink of water, and she, rising with hospitable quickness, bade me take the seat she left while she went to the well. She returned with a glass of water and a glass of milk. Taking them both—not at once, of course, but during the conversation about the weather that ensued—I rose to depart, when the prettiest girl I ever beheld came tripping up the garden path with a pail of water in each hand. 'A sweet, wild rose,' I said to myself, and sat down again, convinced by a single glance at that lovely face that this cottage was fate's 'no farther.'"

"Accordingly I found mine nestness that I was a poor story writer—you will admit that this was no lie, for all the editors to whom I have submitted my manuscripts have said the very same thing—with a book to finish, and I begged her to let me stay there a few weeks, promising to make her as little trouble as possible. 'Well, I don't see nothin' agin it if it ather and daughta don't,' she said, so away she went, and from the murmur of voices in the hall, I knew the matter was being discussed by the family. In a few minutes a shrewd-looking old man appeared, looked at me sharply, and asked brusquely, 'Kin you 'ford to pay \$4 a week?' I told him that I thought so, and he seized my valise and carried it into the cottage, I following. Ned, old chap, it was a lovely spot and no mistake. Every morning the birds awakened me with their songs, and fragrance enough from the rose-vines floated into that little attic room in one day to have perfumed Eudora's handkerchiefs for a whole year."

"As for Alice—the sweet, wild rose—no poet ever dreamed of maid more beautiful. Large, innocent, dark-blue eyes, with lashes so long that they cast a shadow on her rounded cheeks; mouth, nose, chin, ears, hands, feet, simply perfection; and a voice, not as musical as Eudora's, it is true, but with a childish ring and sweetness; and when she spoke, which was seldom, it was with a pretty, modest hesitancy that made you long to catch her in your arms and kiss the words from her full red lips. I had only seen her three times when I was madly in love with her, and thought the plain calico gowns she wore, the prettiest gowns in the world. I wrote you a very long letter, in which, among other things, I renewed my Eudora experience, and I told you of the treasure I had found in the cottage by the woods. And a few days after posting this letter, I asked the sweet wild rose to be my wife. She raised those glorious, innocent blue eyes to my face for an instant and then hid them upon my breast, while she whispered—the shy darling:—

"Don't ask father and mother just yet. Until I get used to the thought myself. It seems so very strange."

"And are you sure you love me?" And will you be willing to wear calico gowns and live in a little cottage all your life?" said I.

"Try me," she replied, with glowing cheeks and an arch smile.

"Now am I really loved!" said I to the birds next morning. "It is Hal Elmendorf wins the heart of Alice, not his fortune—no sighing for gems and gold, no longing for silks and velvets and satins, knows this simple country maid. She is even unaware of her own marvelous grace and beauty, and she is also unaware, it cannot be denied, of many of the rules of grammar and pronunciation. But these I can soon teach her, Heaven bless her! and I made up my mind to start immediately and obtain the ring."

"So, pleading urgent business to my darling, as good-bye for a day or two."

"Oh, if you should never come back," she sobbed, clinging around my neck."

"But I will, dearest," I said, unloosing her lovely arms, and kissing the tears from her eyes. "I shall be back again

before you have time to miss me," and I was: for I had only gone a mile when I discovered my pocket-book behind, and full of anger against myself for my carelessness, I hastened back. As I neared the cottage I heard loud voices—the voices of Mrs. Burdock, my prospective mother-in-law—and could it be? Yes, it was—my sweet, wild rose."

"Well, it's a regular mess, and I don't know what to say to Bill Tryon when he comes back from sea, the elder lady was saying. 'He'll raise the ruff of the house.' 'Let him,' replied Alice; 'I'll build you a better house—nearer to folks; for I'm sure I never want to come back to this lonely hole again after I once leave it.'"

"But 'spose the man shouldn't be so rich, after all," persisted the prudent mamma.

"He's as rich as Schreechus," answered the daughter, in anything but a sweet voice. And oh! how dreadful the grammar and pronunciation sounded in it! "Do you think I'd give up Bill if I wasn't sure of it? He writ a long rhapsody to some friend of his one day, and he lost a piece, and I found it—"

"The page almost ending with the Clauson mine, and nearly beginning with the sweet, wild rose," interrupted Chester.

"Just so," assented his friend. "But to go on with the conversation, to which I confess I deliberately listened. I found it, he never missed it and I read it," said the simple country maid. "Some fashionable girl wanted him for his fortune, and he got mad and cleared out, and walked around till he found me. A sweet, wild rose, he called me, and he ain't so far out neither."

"You'd better let your pa inquire about him some before you promise to marry him," advised Mrs. Burdock.

"Rubbish!" exclaimed the rose. "Pa going snoopin' round might spoil everything. I know he's got lots of money, and I bet he's gone off to buy me something elegant now. Calico gowns, indeed! I'll wear silk every day of my life. But come along, ma, let's go up stairs. Per'aps he's left his satchel un-locked, and we can rummage all through it."

"No, he hasn't," said I, coming forward; "but don't let that prevent your enjoying yourselves, ladies; here is the key, at your service."

"With a shrill scream, the sweet wild rose fled. I reached my room under the eaves in three bounds, gathered together my belongings, left some bank bills on the table, and fled too."

"And I am to marry Eudora Brookfield a month from to-day."

NEW YORK MENDICANTS.

Where the Street Tramp Pass Their Nights.

When the wind blows cold and the air is crisp with frost, it is not an uncommon thing to meet at evening in the streets of New York, especially below Canal street and in the Bowery, beggars whose claim to consideration is either hunger or the assertion that they have no place to sleep. The plea of hunger is perennial, but the request for money to pay for a night's lodging is one that is seldom or never preferred at this season of the year by the sophisticated or professional beggar. He does not now sign for the shelter of a lodging-house, but is content to forego the accommodations which later he will beg to secure. The lodging-house keeper is not at present the person to whom he must look for such disturbed slumber, as, in winter, he can snatch in the brief truces between himself and the predatory insect band whose name is legion. It is the policeman who is the autocrat of the policeman's chamber in summer; and the canopy is the sky. If he can only manage to escape the notice of the man with the club and off-hand manner, he is willing to insure the rest and to discount the worst efforts of all the mosquitoes in Manhattan island.

Where does the homeless beggar of New York sleep in the summer—the beggar whom the attractions of green fields, babbling brooks, henroosts and potato patches cannot seduce from the city to be a country tramp? The reporter whose duties lead him about the streets at midnight stumbles upon him in many places; seems him curled up in a doorway, stretched out in some hospitable truck wagon that has been left in the street, or wandering away in search of some secluded spot where neither the light from the street-lamps nor the policeman's eye will find him out. And he may be found on the benches in the public parks, where he enters upon possession at the witching hour of midnight. It is curious to note what classes of people enjoy these parks, and when. Of those who make use of the seats and shade for the leisure hours of the day nothing need be said, for it is a patent fact that the old men and children under the charge of their white capped bonnets are there in possession. As evening approaches the children go away home, and their places are taken by a variety of men, many of them young and well-dressed. They do not, as a rule, remain long enough to decide where they will go to seek amusement. When the last meal of the day has been eaten, and the dishes have been cleaned, the servant girls and their male friends begin to appear in the parks. To watch them closely is to discover that the poor girls are invariably so weary by the labors of the day as to need the supporting arms of their escorts, which are never denied them. After an hour or two spent in the mildly exciting pleasure of talking and being hugged, the girls go their way to rest, and a little later the beggar begins to sink into the parks and to court forgetfulness of his daily wretchedness in sleep. It may be that honest working-men have been in the parks to breathe for a few hours a purer air than they can hope to find in their hot lodgings. These begin to go when the beggars and tramps come, in order not to be confounded with them.

Where has he beggar been since the sun set? Walk in any of the streets adjacent to the park and the question will answer itself. As you go along you will become conscious at times of a shadow—even though it be at night; a shadow that is erect and walking. If you show that you are conscious of its presence, the chances are that you will hear the shadow muttering some words, among which may be distinguished "a few pennies" and "not a bite to eat." This shadow is the beggar who, unlike the

wise husbandman strives to make hay while the sun does not shine, and who wearily "moves on" through fear of the police, until he has moved with the hours of midnight. He then goes to the parks and sleeps, unless the park policeman, who must remain awake himself, maliciously decides to keep him awake also. And this is usually the case, for it is an every night affair for the man in gray uniform to flit about through the parks and roughly shake into a semblance of wakefulness the wretched creature he finds, and admonishes him not to sleep. With a growl that is an oath the beggar declares himself awake, and straight way nods again. This is often repeated during the night. At earliest dawn the policeman makes a final round, and with the voice of authority announces that sleep must positively have ending. This time he is obeyed, though with the slowness of unwilling acquiescence. The beggar sits sullen, blinking and yawning, until he finally becomes thoroughly aroused, when he sries and disappears. Usually, as he slinks away, he seems like one who is "drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk." He is a sad specimen of ruined manhood, of an utter mental and moral waste.

Too Much Civilized.

Peck's Sun says that the number of persons that are brought to Milwaukee from up about Shawano, charged with selling a glass of benzine to Indians, is so large that there is a suspicion that the fees obtained by some one is the end sought instead of the protection of Indians. The Sun scouts the idea, but if the arrests become much more frequent it will pay the Government to take the Indians to Washington and board them at the hotels, and furnish them with champagne at every meal. If these Indians are civilized, as is claimed by the Government, they cannot get along without whisky any more than white men. There is such a thing as civilizing an Indian too much.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON, Lester Wallack, E. A. Sothorn and Miss Kate Claxton are said to be Spiritualists.

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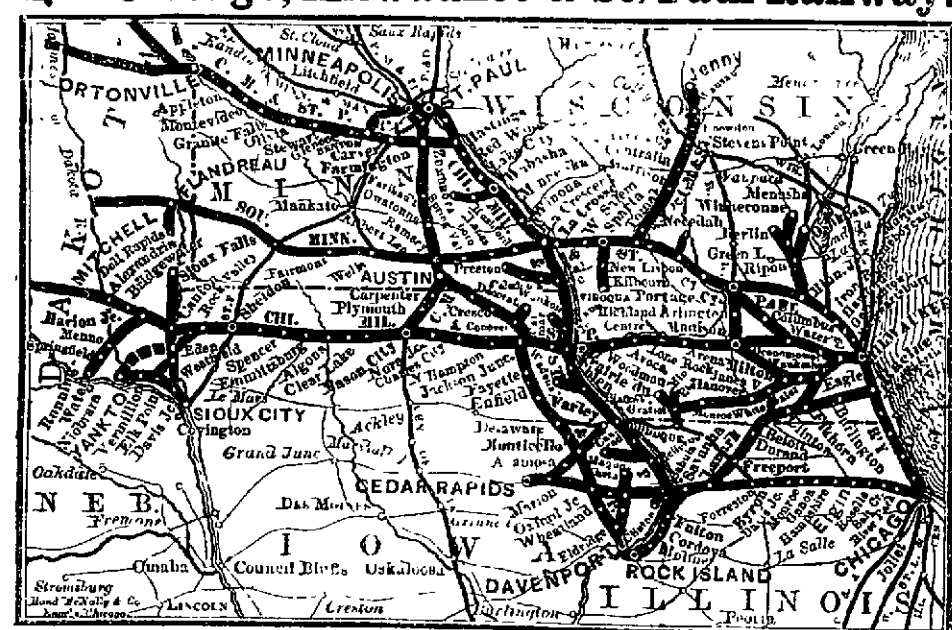
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 Three Months, .75

ADVERTISING RATES.
 Local and foreign business notices, 10 cents per line, of 10 words or less, each insertion. Ten lines to the inch.
 Professional cards, four times or less, \$10 per annum.
 Advertisements in columns of "Wants," "For Sale," "For Rent," etc., 10 cents per line each insertion.
 Legal notices at regular rates.
 Original matter \$1 per line.
 For contract rates of display advertising apply to this office or send for advertising rate card.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.
METHODIST CHURCH.—Services every Sunday in the new church on 5th street, at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school immediately after morning service. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at the parsonage at 7:30 p. m.
J. M. BULL, Pastor.
Presbyterian Church.—Sunday service at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. St. Paul time. All are invited, seats free. Sunday school immediately after morning service. Weekly prayer and teachers' meeting Wednesday evening at 8:15 o'clock.
W. C. STRAYEN, Pastor.
CHURCH OF THE BUREAU OF LIFE (Episcopal), Rev. A. J. Yeater, Rector. Morning Prayer, with sermon, each Sunday, at 11 o'clock. A. M. Sunday School immediately after service. Holy Communion first Sunday in each month. No night service until 1st of Sept. Strangers cordially invited to worship with us. Seats free.
CATHOLIC CHURCH.—First mass, 7:30 a. m.; high mass with sermon, 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school 2 p. m.; Vespers, exhortation and benediction, 7:30 p. m. Main street, west end.
Rev. B. H. BENNING, Rector.
Rev. PATRICK KERNAN, Assistant.

SECRET SOCIETIES.
A. F. & A. M.—The regular communications of Bismarck Lodge No. 16, A. F. & A. M., are held in their hall on the first and third Mondays of each month, at 7 p. m. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited.
JOHN DANDY, Sec'y.
JOSEPH HARE, Sec'y.
I. O. O. F.—The regular meeting of Mandan Lodge No. 22, I. O. O. F., is held every Tuesday. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited.
LOUIS HENDER, Sec'y.
SIG. HANFORD, Sec'y.

BISMARCK FIRE COMPANY.
 Regular meetings at City Hall on the first Monday in each month at 8 p. m. Seven taps of the bell will be given as a signal.
P. F. MALLORY, Foreman.
DAVID STEWART, Sec'y.

BISMARCK, D. T., FRIDAY, DEC. 10, 1889.

JUDGE SMITH has determined to claim his seat in the council, and in reply to Mr. Wallace's notice of contest denies each and every allegation of the contestant as published last week. Mr. Wallace claims only fifteen illegal votes in the count-house precinct, instead of fifty as published.

The **TRIBUNE** is pleased to notice that Hon. Mark H. Dunnell, of Minnesota, is a prominent candidate for speaker of the next house of representatives. Mr. Dunnell has been in congress ten years. He is an able and upright man and is well fitted for the place by nature, education and public experience. He is and has been a very efficient member. There are few men in congress who can gain and hold the attention of the house in debate. Mr. Dunnell is among the few who can and his chances for election are very fair indeed. The great northwest would be greatly benefited by the selection of Mr. Dunnell for this position, and the **TRIBUNE** sincerely hopes he may be chosen.

The appointment of Gen. Hazen to the position of chief signal officer, will make the people of this section, who remember his letter of 1875, wince somewhat, because many will fear that he will labor to justify the conclusion he reached at that time, and harm the great northwest. They wanted Gen. Miles for that position, knowing that he entertained views directly the opposite of those then entertained by Gen. Hazen, but the **TRIBUNE** does not share this fear, and is really forced to conclude that the appointment is a good one. Gen. Hazen lived long enough in this country after the publication of his famous letter to learn that the supposed facts on which he based his conclusions, were wrong, and to see that he was mistaken, and the writer of this article knows that he has repeatedly acknowledged this. Gen. Hazen is an efficient and conscientious officer, and is well adapted to the position to which he has been assigned. Gen. Miles has been appointed a brigadier-general vice Gen. Ord, retired, and has been assigned to a field. The **TRIBUNE** has no doubt far more congenial to him.

JUDGE BENNETT has presented a bill for the division of Dakota and a resolution for the admission of the southern half as a state. As stated a few weeks ago the people of Dakota generally desire division and it is good republican policy to divide, not only on the 46th parallel, but a further division would be desirable, creating from the Black Hills portion of Dakota, Wyoming and Montana a new territory. There is ground enough and each division would contain within itself ample resources for a magnificent state, but if this congress does anything it will be in the form of preliminary legislation for the admission of Dakota without division. As stated then, and as shown by the *Sun* this week, there is a strong unrecurrent opposition to any division. This is found not only at Bismarck, but in the Hills and in Southern Dakota. Still if Northern Dakota is left the name, which she has helped to make so glorious by her magnificent farming enterprises, even in the form of North Dakota, there will be comparatively little opposition here to the proposed division. True, as the *Press and Dakota* suggests, a rose by another name would prove as sweet, and the spires of Northern Dakota would be as bright, and its great wheat fields would be as productive if its splendid territory was known by another name. But the name of Dakota suggests the idea of great wheat fields, No. 1 hard and thirty bush-

els per acre in whatever connection it is mentioned, and the people of this region are not willing to throw away the advantage there is in this case, in a name. Out the territory in two if the consent of democratic politicians can be secured. Divide it into three portions if you can, and add to the republican forces in the United States senate six members, and three in the house, but leave us the Dakota banner to fight our battles under. If the whole is admitted without division the time will come when Dakota will occupy not only a proud position upon the maps of the nation but will take rank among the greatest states in its councils.

FINE DISPLAY.
 Where the Most Suitable Holiday Presents can be Found.
 It is a fact that the nicest and most appreciated holiday present can only be obtained in a first-class jewelry store. For a young lady there is nothing so desirable as fine jewelry. She will go into ostentatious over a pair of bracelets, a gold ring, a necklace or a set of earrings. And for a more costly present what is there finer than a fine ladies' gold watch or a fine tea set of silverware. For gentlemen, a ring, a set of sleeve buttons, a diamond stud, or a watch and chain are by all odds the most appropriate presents.

Men sometimes buy jewelry, but when it is received as a gift it is best appreciated. Therefore the jewelry store is the best place to buy holiday goods. Knowing these facts Messrs. E. L. Strauss & Bro. purchased an excellent assortment for this year's trade. The stock as displayed at their store opposite the postoffice complete in every respect. The experience of many years at the business has been brought into requisition in the purchase of this large stock. Mr. Strauss believed in the cultivated taste of Bismarck people and bought his stock accordingly. His prices are extremely reasonable and his goods indeed superior. Call and look them over.

CHIPS.
 Left After Hewing Out the Solid Columns of Reading Matter.
 Spring weather.
 Water is scarce.
 Mandan prospers.
 Thawing on the river.
 Don your spring cluster.
 Everybody crying "water!"
 The snow is disappearing rapidly.
 Dunn & Co., Druggists, No. 92 Main street.

Who says the climate of North Dakota is cold?
 Another girl in the family of Dr. Wm. A. Bentley.
 Jack Dunn is opening up a large stock of holiday goods.
 Forty-five above at Fort Shaw this morning at 5 o'clock.
 The first train to cross the winter bridge passed over to-day.

There is no fuel famine. Too much wood in Burleigh County.
 Forster, of Third street, will build a first-class hotel in the spring.
 Enterprising advertisers this week. They are the ones to patronize.
 Sweet & Stoyell, real estate dealers, is the name of a new firm organized this week.
 The ball given at the Sheridan House last week, was the most *recherché* affair of many seasons.
 Johnny Bull is again in charge of the Opera House wine room, the object of his first love.

Joseph Ben was married Wednesday evening, by Rev. I. O. Sloan, to Sarah Angie Davis.
 A new street lamp, an advertisement for Triax's concert saloon, ornaments Fourth and Main street.

A train of nine cars came in this week, with every car filled for and billed to J. W. Raymond & Co.
 Sunderland & Gage have added scroll sawing and wood-working to their establishment. Pianos and organs repaired, etc.
 Quinn, the section house keeper, near Mandan, who was hurt Monday by the caving in of the roof of his shack, is doing well.

The remodeling of the St. Louis Store is a marked improvement. An entrance to the upper story from the outside is being made.
 If anybody wants anything in the line of taxidermy, they will find Sol Sunderland, on Fourth street, an excellent artist for this kind.
 It is delightful to visit Whalen's glassware store. At night, when the light shines on every conceivable color of glass, it is indeed fine.

If the person who was seen to take a door mat last evening from No. 12 W. Main street, will return the same, nothing will be said or done about it.
 Arthur Linn has named his young son Alexander Franklin, after his brother and Frank P. Brown. This is the third child named after Frank Brown. Who's next?

The Mutual Association of company L, 7th cavalry, gave another one of those enjoyable hops last night, at Fort Lincoln. The attendance from Bismarck was large.
 Two persons who have had great experience in artesian well boring, can be learned of at Mr. Glischka's, who are confident Bismarck can be supplied with water by means of artesian wells. The subject is certainly worthy of thought.

The oyster supper at St. Clair's Hall, Mandan, for the benefit of the Presbyterian church, netted \$106. Harry McBratney, P. H. Byrne and others, not Presbyterians, were among the heaviest contributors. Every body having any pride in the city felt a helping hand.
 F. A. McCrery, principal of the Bismarck public schools, has resigned on account of ill health, and will go south to spend the winter. Mr. McCrery was popular and efficient, and those interested in the public schools will regret his departure. The newly elected superintendent of public schools is a candidate for his position.

Weekly Weather Report.
 BISMARCK, D. T., Dec. 10, 1889.
 Highest, 30.304. Lowest, 29.701. Mean, 29.952.
 Barometer, 30.304. Thermometer, 29.701. Humidity, 100. Wind, 30.304. Prevailing wind, NW. Winds, prevalent direction, NW. Winds, total movement, 1229 miles. Rainfall, 0.25.
 Below Zero.

CYRUS CRAMER,
 Sergt. Sig. Corps, U.S.A.
 THE OFFICIAL SIGHT RECORD.
 For November, 1889.
 Highest, 30.304. Lowest, 29.701. Mean, 29.952.
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 Below Zero.

Attention.
 I will make it to your interest to call and examine and buy my Boys' Clothing, as I am bound to go out of this line altogether. Call early for the biggest bargain ever offered by me.
 St. Paul Branch Clothing House.
Contracts Made.
 For coal at St. Paul prices with freight added.
 J. W. RAYMOND & Co.
The Finest Wine.
 And Liquors and choice Cigars, Imported and Domestic, at George Elder's—9, P. C. Restaurant, Fourth street.
A Fine Thing for the Teeth.
 Fragrant SOZODONT is a composition of the purest and choicest ingredients of the Oriental

vegetable kingdom. Every ingredient is well known to have a beneficial effect on the teeth and gums. Its emulsifying or antiseptic property and aromatic fragrance makes it a toilet luxury. SOZODONT removes all disagreeable odors from the breath caused by catarrhs, bad teeth, etc. It is entirely free from the injurious and acid properties of tooth pastes and powders which destroy the enamel. One bottle lasts six months.

E. L. Strauss & Bro.,
PIONEER JEWELERS,
 Offer Inducements Extraordinary for
Holiday Presents

Our Stock has at no time been as complete in every line. We would respectfully call attention to the following goods: The largest and best assortment of Ladies' and Gents' Gold Watches and Chains, Solid Gold Ladies' Sets, Gold Rings in Great Variety, Bracelets, Lockets, Crosses, Gold and Silver Thimbles, also a great variety of the very best Silver Ware—nothing less than triple plate—as well as Clocks, Gold Pens and Holders, Spectacles and Eye Glasses to fit every eye. What we sell we guarantee as represented. Call and inspect our Goods before purchasing elsewhere, and if anything is wanted not in our stock we can furnish it on very short notice.

E. L. STRAUSS & BRO.,
 Bismarck, D. T.
HALL'S VEGETABLE SCALP HAIR RENEVER is a scientific combination of some of the most powerful restorative agents in the vegetable kingdom. It restores gray hair to its original color. It makes the scalp white and clean. It cures dandruff and humors, and falling-out of the hair. It furnishes the nutritive principle by which the hair is nourished and supported. It makes the hair moist, soft and glossy, and is unsurpassed as a hair dressing. It is the most economical preparation ever offered to the public, as its effects remain a long time, making only an occasional application necessary. It is recommended and used by eminent medical men, and is officially endorsed by the State Assayer of Massachusetts. The popularity of Hall's Hair Renewer has increased with the test of many years, both in this country and in foreign lands, and it is now known and used in all the civilized countries of the world. For sale by all dealers.

TAKE NOTICE—All persons indebted to me are requested to call and settle at once. All claims against myself or firm will be paid promptly on presentation. I leave for the South, Dec. 15th, and am desirous of settling all past due accounts before leaving.
J. W. RAYMOND.

Handsome Sets of Furs at
 DAN EISENBERG'S.
 Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic restores the appetite and is pleasant, safe and efficient.

Misses' and Children's Shoes.
 At bottom prices at
 MARSH & WAKENAK.

Marsh & Wakenak.
 Have fitted up the Niagara Sample Room in elegant style. Call in every night and sample their fine lunch.

For Your Holiday Goods
 go to
 DAN EISENBERG'S.

First-Class Meals
 Furnished at Forster's Restaurant on short notice.

An Excellent Lunch
 At the Merchants' bar every evening.

Forster's on 3d St.
 Is the Place.
 Where you can get the best day board in Bismarck at \$3 per week.

Dolls, Dolls at
 DAN EISENBERG'S.

Winter Coal
 Make your arrangements for winter coal before the advance.
 J. W. RAYMOND & Co.

A Full Line of Holiday Goods at
 DAN EISENBERG'S.

Send for a Magazine.
 Subscriptions for Harper's, Frank Leslie's, Demorest's, Godey's, &c., will be received and forwarded at the post office.

Lamps and Pictures
 A fine selection at
 DUNN & CO'S.

You Should Stop at the Merchants
 When visiting Bismarck. Their accommodations can not be surpassed.
 MARSH & WAKENAK.

Call and see the large stock of Holiday Goods at
 DAN EISENBERG'S.

Window Glass of all sizes.
Dunn & Co.

Notice of Election.
 The regular annual election of Directors of the First National Bank of Bismarck will be held at the Bank on Tuesday, Jan. 15th, 1890, between the hours of 4 and 6 o'clock P. M.
 GEO. H. FAIRCHILD, Cashier.
 Bismarck, D. T., Dec. 10, 1889.

Oysters, Oysters.
 The best brands of fresh oysters may be had at
 GLITSCHKA'S.

Michigan Apples.
 By the peck, bushel, or barrel, the choicest varieties at
 GLITSCHKA'S.

Blank Books
 and Stationery at
 DUNN & CO'S.

Ask Anybody
 Who is a judge of a good meal, where to go and they will tell you to go to
 FORSTER'S.

Niagara Saloon.
 Merchants' Hall, sets the best luncheon in the city, every night in the week.
 MARSH & WAKENAK.

Just Received.
 Fifty tons Hard Coal, Two Hundred tons Baby Mine at
 J. W. RAYMOND & Co'S.

Good Stabling.
 Good stabling in connection with the Mercantile Hotel.
 MARSH & WAKENAK.

WANTS, FOR SALE, RENT, ETC.
For Sale.
FOR SALE.—E. H. By in addition to his contract with the P. & M. for 10,000 tons of coal in preparation to furnish the trade both local and foreign.
FOR SALE.—Hay and oats. Hay in stack or delivered in town. Inquire of Henry Suttie, one mile south of town on the Apple Creek road.
FOR RENT OR SALE.—The store room in the Tanana Block. Enquire of S. Sellock, Stillwater, Minn.
Personal.
PERSONAL.—Correspondence is wanted with some of the Bismarck young ladies. Object fun at present; perhaps more by-and-by. Address, JAMES HUFF, Glendive, Montana.
Money to Loan.
MONEY TO LOAN.
 F. J. CALL.
\$3,000 TO LOAN on Real Estate or security, in sums to suit. Inquire of FLANNERY & WETHEBY.
MONEY TO LOAN.—Terms satisfactory to suit borrowers. Enquire of M. P. STATTERY, 411th St. Bismarck, D. T.

Miscellaneous.
FOUND.—Sixteen miles east of the Missouri river, at Thiergartner's Ranch, four head of cattle. Owner can have the same by proving property and paying charges.
 J. M. THIERGARTNER.
STRAYED.—Two ponies came into my enclosure about Dec. 1st, owner unknown. (Cattle) Sought the above animals can have the same by calling at the Stark Farm, proving property and paying expenses of advertising and keeping.
 THOS. ELLIOTT.
LADIES' fine shoes a specialty. Large inventory just received at MARSHALL'S, 76 Main Street.
HOTELISTS and Bismarck people generally, who have been short of milk, should order of Oscar Ward, who will keep up with the demands of trade no matter how fast Bismarck may increase its population.
GET your watch regulated at H. H. Day's, 28 1/2 Main street.
\$72 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address: Tule & Co., Augusta, Maine.
\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address: Struxon & Co., Portland, Maine.
SEND TO F. G. RICH & Co., Portland, Me., for best Agency Business in the World. Expensive outfit free.
\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address: H. BALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.
FRENCH Kid shoe and buttoned boots, the latest just at MARSHALL'S.
AGENTS AND CANNASERS Make from \$25 to \$50 per week selling goods for E. G. HIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., New York.
 Send for their Catalogue and terms. 18y1.
Overcoats, Overcoats.
 Schiffer, the Merchant Tailor, is prepared to furnish every one with Overcoats at popular prices.
Oysters, Oysters.
 The celebrated Gold Seal brand Oysters received daily at
 BLANCH'S.
BANK.
WALTER MANN, Pres't. G. H. FAIRCHILD, Cash'r.
 St. Paul, Minn. Bismarck, D. T.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
 OF BISMARCK,
 Bismarck, Dakota.
Paid up Capital \$50,000
DIRECTORS:
 WALTER MANN, G. H. FAIRCHILD, H. R. PORTER, ASA FISHER, DAN EISENBERG.
CORRESPONDENTS:
 American Exchange Nat. Bank, New York.
 First National Bank, Chicago.
 Merchants Nat. Bank, St. Paul.
 Collections made and promptly remitted. Drafts on all principal cities of Europe. Interest on time deposits.
 Agency for sale of passenger tickets to and from Europe by several of the principal lines of steamships.
BAKERY.
A. LOGAN,
GROCERIES,
FLOUR, FEED, and BAKERY.
 No. 18 North Third Street.
Sweet & Stoyell,
REAL ESTATE AGENTS,
 No. 11 North 4th Street,
BISMARCK, D. T.
Lands Located Bought and Sold.
 Conveyancing and Abstracts of Title to all lands and town property in Burleigh County. We have the only complete set of abstracts in the county. Contested land claims before the local and General Land Offices made a specialty 29m6.
H. H. HANES. A. C. DAVIS.
BISMARCK TREE PLANTING COMPANY,
 Bismarck, Dakota.
 We are prepared to furnish trees for "tree culture" or ornamental shrubbery. In quantities to suit, delivered to any station on the North Pacific west of Detroit, Minn., at the following rates, payable C. O. D.:
 Cottonwood, 2 years old, \$3 per thousand.
 Cottonwood cuttings, 2 feet long, \$4 per thousand.
 Cottonwood, 3 to 4 years old, \$6 per thousand.
 Box Elder, for shade trees, 5 to 10 cents each.
 Box Elder cuttings, \$3 per thousand.
 Shepherdia, (Hulberry) for hedges and fruit, perfectly hardy, 5 to 25 cents each.
 White Ash, for shade trees, 5 to 20 cents each. All kinds of ornamental trees from the oldest nursery in Minnesota. Trees set at reasonable rates by an experienced tree-planter.
 Address orders to HANES & DAVIS, Managers, Bismarck, Dakota.
\$20! STRANGE BUT TRUE.
 that we sell this N. Y. Bismarck Sewing Machine for \$20.00. Arranged, new, and best made. Don't pay agents' prices, but buy direct, and furnished. *Our first best machine sold.* Don't buy till you read it. Handred more. No. 1. You need not pay till satisfied. GEORGE FAYNE & CO., of Third Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

LAND NOTICE.

Notice of Contest.
U. S. LAND OFFICE, Bismarck, D. T., November 16, 1889. Complaint having been entered at this office by John W. Wallace against Robert E. Landers for abandoning his Homestead Entry No. 29, dated April 19, 1879, upon the NE 1/4 section 26, town 139, range 78, in Burleigh County, Dakota, with a view to the cancellation of said entry; the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 15th day of December, 1889, at 11 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.
JOHN A. REA, Register.
EDWARD M. BROWN, Receiver.

Notice of Final Proof.
U. S. LAND OFFICE, Bismarck, D. T., November 13, 1889. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of claim of section 36, township 139 north, range 78 west, and names the following as his witnesses, viz: Louis Connelly, John Wetzel, Frank P. Brown and Thomas Tythe, all of Burleigh County, D. T., and post office address Bismarck, D. T. 26-30
JOHN A. REA, Register.

U. S. LAND OFFICE, Bismarck, D. T., Dec. 10, 1889. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof on the 15th day of January, 1890, at 11 o'clock a. m.
William Oscar Ward
 Declaratory Statement Number 134, for the NE 1/4 section 36, township 139 north, range 78 west, and names the following as his witnesses, viz: Louis Connelly, John Wetzel, Frank P. Brown and Thomas Tythe, all of Burleigh County, D. T., and post office address Bismarck, D. T. 26-30
JOHN A. REA, Register.

Sheriff's Sale.
TERRITORY OF DAKOTA, County of Burleigh.
 Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution issued out of the District Court of said county and territory, against the goods, chattels and lands of Thomas H. French in favor of Robert Roberts, I have selected all the right title and interest which in said County of Burleigh, in and to the 12th day of November, 1889, in and to the following described premises, to-wit: Lot number Eight (8) in Block number Sixty-four (64) of the city of Bismarck, which is well known, for sale and sell at public auction as the law directs, on the 20th day of December, 1889, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in the city of Bismarck, and the county of Burleigh, D. T. Dated November 13, 1889.
ALEX. MCKENNA,
 Sheriff Burleigh Co., D. T.
 Attorney for Plaintiff.

TERRITORY OF DAKOTA, County of Burleigh.
 Susan E. Riley, plaintiff, vs. George W. Riley, defendant. Summons.
 The Territory of Dakota sends greeting to George W. Riley, defendant, and requires him to answer the complaint of the plaintiff in this action, which was filed in the office of the Clerk of the District Court of said county and territory, on the 11th day of November, 1889, and serve a copy of your answer upon the subscriber at his office, in the city of Bismarck, in said county, within thirty days from the date of this summons, and to furnish upon your exclusive of the day of service.
 If you fail to answer the complaint within that time the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint herein, for the costs and disbursements of this action.
 Dated at Bismarck, D. T., this 11th day of November, 1889.
 Plaintiff's Attorney, Bismarck, D. T.

Fire Reasons Why a Young Man Should Not Insure in a Co-operative Life Insurance Company.
 First—The assessment is usually all through life, and the society should last, he ought to pay sixty years.
 Second—As the members increase in the death loss, the assessment increases, and the latest payments come in old age. When perhaps they are not able to pay them.
 Third—Co-operative societies do not grade the death loss, but pay it in a lump sum. The death loss is paid in a lump sum, and the member at twenty years of age the same as a young man's expectation is over forty years.
 Fourth—If a member in later years leaves the society through inability to pay, he does not receive any part of his policy, consequently loses all that he has paid into the society.
 Fifth—All co-operative and mutual aid societies are continuing and uncertain, as the losses of deceased members have to be paid by the members (centered) at over the state, and their assessments, if not paid they are not. During the last few years, the assessments have increased, and the last few years, the assessments have increased, and the last few years, the assessments have increased.

Fire Reasons Why a Young Man Should Insure in a Regular Life Insurance Company.
 First—Instead of being liable to pay sixty years in a mutual aid society, he can take a ten year term policy in a regular company, and only pay ten years, and after the paid up he will receive dividends during his life time.
 Second—Regular life insurance companies grade the premiums according to age, the only paying larger premiums than young men.
 Third—In a regular life insurance company, a member after having paid three annual premiums, can retire with a paid up policy for about two and a half times as much as he has paid in money.
 Fourth—Regular life insurance companies have the best and most accurate tables, and pay interest, and are always prepared to pay their losses, not being dependent upon the voluntary contributions of 2,000 or 3,000 members, selected.

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Fire Reasons Why a Young Man Should Insure in a Regular Life Insurance Company.
 First—Instead of being liable to pay sixty years in a mutual aid society, he can take a ten year term policy in a regular company, and only pay ten years, and after the paid up he will receive dividends during his life time.
 Second—Regular life insurance companies grade the premiums according to age, the only paying larger premiums than young men.
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In the minister's morning sermon
He had to do the primal fall,
And how thenceforth the wrath of God
Rest on each and all.

And how, of His will and pleasure,
All souls, save a chosen few,
Were doomed to the quickness burning,
And held in the way thereto.

Yet never by faith's unreason
A sinner soul was tried,
And never the harsh old lesson
A tender heart belied.

And, after the painful service
On that Sabbath day,
He walked to the quietness burning,
Thro' the apple-bloom of May

Sweet in the fresh green meadows
Sparrow and blackbird sung;
Above him their tinted petals
The blossoming orchard hung.

Around on the wonderful glory
The minister looked and smiled;
"How good is the Lord who gives us
These gifts from His hand my child!

"Behold in the bloom of apples
And the violets on the sward
A hint of the old, lost beauty
Of the garden of the Lord."

Then upspoke the little maiden,
Treading on snow and pink:
"O Father! these pretty blossoms
Are very wicked, I think."

"Had there been no Garden of Eden,
There never had been such a fall;
And if never a tree had blossomed
God would have loved us all."

"Hush, child," the father answered,
"By His decree I tell,
His ways are in clouds and darkness,
But He doeth all things well."

"And whether by His ordaining
To us cometh good or ill,
Joy or pain, or light or shadow,
We must fear or love Him still."

"Oh, I fear him," said the daughter,
"And I try to love him too;
But I wish He was good and gentle,
Kind and loving as you."

The minister groaned in spirit
At the tremulous lips of pain
And wide, wet eyes uplifted
Questioned his own in vain.

Bowing his head he pondered
The words of the little one:
Had he erred in his life-long teaching?
Had he wrong to his Master done?

To what grim and dreadful idol
Had he lent the holiest name?
Did his own heart, loving and human,
To God of his worship shame?

And lo! from the bloom and greenness,
From the tender skies above,
And face of his little daughter
He read a lesson of love.

No more as the cloudy terror
Of Sinai's mount of law,
But as Christ in the Syrian hills
The vision of God he saw.

And as when, in the clefts of Horeb,
Of old was His presence known,
The dread, ineffable glory
Was infinite Goodness alone.

Thereafter his hearers noted
In his prayers a tenderness,
And never the gospel of hatred
Burned on his lips again.

And the scolding tongue was prayerful,
And the blinded eyes found sight,
And hearts, as in a lifetime,
Grew soft in his warmth and light.

—Atlantic—

AN HONEST FARMER.

Robert Foracre was a bachelor. He had come as a stranger into our district when he was a young fellow of four-and-twenty, and had remained in it for forty years, in what I may call a state of seige from maidens and widows, but had held out gallantly, and was at length pronounced impregnable. He was rallied, of course, about this and that rustic beauty, but he only replied with a good-humored laugh, or by the modest confession that "he was not good enough for her." I used to think this answer of the honest farmer worthy of Macchiavelli, of whom in all probability he had never so much as heard. The objection in question has, of course, been made before, but always with the intention of winning the lady; to use it as a means of escape it was a stroke of genius, and I am not sure but that it would stand a man in good stead even in a case of breach of promise of marriage. "I would have married her, my lord judge, Heaven knows, but I felt I was not worthy of her." There is a serious obligation about it, reminding one of the Decalogue, and also a pathetic touch suggesting an inscription on a tombstone. There were features about the man that recalled to me the characteristics of Tennyson's "Miller"; he had a "wise smile," which would doubtless have been "dry," had circumstances admitted of it, and which seemed "half 'twain and half without, and full of dealings with the world." For all his quiet geniality, Mr Foracre knew how to take care of himself. In Wiltshire we are not fond of strangers; we are a simple race and apt to imagine that outsiders wish to take advantage of us; and in the first instance the honest young farmer was by no means received with open arms. His modest ambition was to take a small farm in the district, the whole of which belonged to the Duke of Grampian, and he applied to lawyer-Smart, the Duke's steward and managing man, with this object.

Now Mr Smart was not a person to let land go out of his hands to any man without good warrant not only of his solvency, but of his ability; and it was always a matter of surprise how this applicant obtained his first footing. For, to tell the honest truth, Foracre was not a good farmer, in an agricultural sense, though morally, as I have shown, as good as gold. He was not sound upon the theory of the rotation of the crops; he used little guano, and seldom employed machinery; and though he was far from an idle man, he took life rather easy. He did not rise with the lark, or "brush with hasty steps the dew away, to meet the sun upon the upland lawn." If he ever made an appointment of that kind, he always spoke with respect both of high farming and early rising. Indeed he spoke with respect of everything except poachers and Dissenters, who happened to be the two classes which Mr Smart held in high reprobation; and it was whispered that it was the young fellow's artless sympathy that won the land-steward over to let him have the little farm. He paid his rent very punctually for several years, and by no means mismanaged the place, but he could scarcely be said to have improved it; and it was understood that the Duke would have none but improving men upon the land.

entrusted to him. It was well known that there was a limit to the distance that mere agreement with his opinion could carry Mr Smart; and, moreover, on the occasions when he and Mr Foracre, now a middle-aged man, but of course much his junior, met in one another's society, there was not any undue deference observed on the latter's part. Indeed, judging from what I myself saw of them, the deference was rather on the other side, which was certainly remarkable. For, next the Duke of Grampian, his land-steward, though he was but a country attorney, was, as his Grace's representative, perhaps the most powerful man in the country, and was looked up to by those whom he could favor accordingly.

I remember the man well, for he was my uncle the rector's lawyer, and more than once have I ridden over on my pony to Barton, our post-town, where he lived, with documents for him from my relative. He had a good house looking on the street, with a large garden in its rear, and quite independent of the "office" establishment, with which, however, it communicated; and I recollect, boy as I was, how it surprised me once to see Farmer Foracre come out of the former part of the edifice one day like a guest and an equal.

My uncle raised his eyebrows when I told him of it, as though he could not make it out either; for Mr Smart had no daughter to marry (even supposing her union with a farmer would not have been a *mesalliance*), but only one little boy, who it was said would one day be immensely rich. However rich he was growing, that did not prevent Mr Smart from money-getting, at which he was a very sharp hand; and I think my uncle had his suspicions that honest Foracre would have to pay pretty handsomely for the consideration with which I had seen him treated. Tenants of the Duke had more than once been sold up rather suddenly, and the principal creditor, who had supplied them with the money (for a consideration) during their embarrassment, had proved to be Mr Smart himself. Every one would have been sorry had this fate happened to honest Foracre, and indignant also; for it was plain that his wits, though serviceable enough in their way, were not to be matched against the attorney's. Nobody could doubt it who saw the latter's hard gray eyes and keen hatchet face—which seldom broke into a smile except in the presence of his Grace the Duke—and contrasted them with the physiognomy of the good farmer.

However, so far as being sold up Foracre became very prosperous, and, as it happened, was "gazetted," if I may so call it, to a larger farm than the one he then held, on the very next market-day to that on which I had seen him leave Mr Smart's house wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, which is the way with the Wiltshire folks after a good meal. Thus far I have written from my personal knowledge of the man, but I have heard much of him from others. Although none knew whence he had sprung, he seemed to have a good many friends, who came to visit him from time to time, and who were all apparently respectable persons. It was noticed, too, by those who spoke with them, that they were much above the common run in the way of intelligence, and superior to their host in that way, if not in social position. This, again, was not set down in the good man's favor, for bachelor farmers, even of middle age, are sometimes coarsely convivial, and will surround themselves, when they can afford it, with boon companions who do them no good. As Mr Foracre advanced in years these guests grew more numerous, which might be easily accounted for by his increased means of entertainment. At the time I have in my mind he was in the occupation of the Manor Farm, and so to speak, at the top of the tenant tree; but what was observed as curious was, first, that his friends only came one at a time; and secondly, that no friend ever visited Mr Foracre's twice. They came, and apparently enjoyed themselves; they shot and fished (for Mr Smart gave Foracre greater sporting rights than were enjoyed by most tenants, and ate and drank of the best, and partied, as it seemed, with their entertainer upon the best of terms; but they never turned up again in Sefton. Another peculiarity of the honest farmer's visitors was that they were always giving him presents. The Manor Farm, large as it was, was almost entirely furnished by the contributions of its tenant's friends and admirers; they did not send mere knick-knacks such as for a wedding present, but serviceable articles of value—carpets, dinner table, and bookcases, of all which Mr Foracre made no more than a fashionable curate does of his gift slippers. He never flaunted his popularity in the face of his less fortunate fellow-creatures. "Smith and Jones," he would say, "are very kind, much too kind," and that was all. One day he had a very handsome silver breakfast service sent him, such as probably was not to be seen in Sefton, except in the squire's house. He was very unwell at the time, and this act of generous attention might have caused many a man—softened by illness—to make much of such a gift; yet no one so much as heard him speak of it. Nevertheless, he could not disarm envy; and I well remember Miss Tabitha Prim, a bitter old maid of Calvinistic opinions, the sister of the village doctor, taking on herself to remind him of what was written about laying up gold and silver against the day of wrath. But the excellent fellow only smiled, and thanked her for her intentions, at the same time pointing out to her that they were without application in his case, since the metal in question was only electroplate. Foracre had a good deal of quiet humor—a gift which, when joined to imperturbable good temper, is not resented by even the dullest people; and though he never offended others, he was very forgiving when the offense was committed against himself. For example, he was cheated very shamefully by his housekeeper. He used to go away for a short holiday every year, choosing some slack time in agricultural operations, which he passed, it was understood, at the house of one or the other of his numerous friends. During his absence this woman used to send vast hampers full of dairy and garden produce to a sister in London, who was in the green-grocery line. One of

the five or six objection to their residing there eighteen years longer," remarked the ferry individual, with great coolness; "but I have a will here, made by the late Mr Foracre, and dated ninety years later, bequeathing his whole property to my own son John Adolphus Canine. I, too, am glad to say, have had the opportunity of being of some service to the lamented deceased, and in consideration of it he executed the deed, which you will find perfectly attested—"

"As to your will, Mr Canine," interrupted a second stranger, with a lofty but yet a legal air, "I am sorry to say, for your sake, that it is mere waste paper. Only two years ago I had the good fortune to make our deceased friend's acquaintance, under circumstances that I think I may say that it is a comfort to me, on an occasion like the present, to look back upon, and he was so good as to mark his sense of my course of conduct by leaving to my only daughter, Sarah Lawson, as will be seen in this document—"

"My good sirs," broke in another grave and powerful voice, "unless you have any instrument executed by the late Robert Foracre of a later date than July 19 (which I think is hardly probable), you need not trouble yourselves to contest the matter."

"And who the deuce are you, sir?" inquired Mr Lawson.
"Sir, I am, as you may read for yourself, Mr Foracre's residuary legatee." At this great and terrible word, a ghastly silence fell upon the whole group of expectants. At last Mr Canine ventured to remark that the very handsome carpet on which our feet were now placed had been his own gift to the deceased, made to him on the understanding that his son was to be his heir, and to keep the remembrance of the boy in the testator's mind, and that he did hope, under the circumstances, that the residuary legatee would return the carpet.
"I beg to observe," said Mr Lawson, "that there is a piano chosen by my daughter, and purchased by myself under precisely similar circumstances, now in this house, and I think, in common justice, that it at least should be returned to me."

"It appears to me, gentlemen," observed the residuary legatee, with a grim smile, "that we are all lawyers, and that an appeal to the feelings—especially upon such a ground as common justice—is ridiculous and absurd. What the law will now do with the late Mr Foracre's property I shall be happy to tell you, on the authority of his last will and testament." And thereupon he read the will. It bequeathed his property in rather touching terms to his dear friend Alexander John Furnival, "in token of much kindness," and appointed the same his residuary legatee. It was about £4,000 in all, £500 of which went to the housekeeper who had filched his butter. Notwithstanding this proof of the excellence of the disposition of the deceased, there were some very severe things said to his discredit, and especially that he had obtained the gifts and good offices of many of those present, on promises which were in fact false pretences.

"My dear sirs," said the residuary legatee, blandly, "we all went in for the prize, and unhappily only one could win it. It is possible if it had been permitted our departed friend to live another month or two he might have made a new disposition of his property; but, as it is, I am the fortunate heir. An excellent luncheon has, it seems, been provided for you, and though there is a question as to my liability for any such expense, I will cheerfully defray it. Let us part good friends."

"And do you mean to say, Sir," exclaimed Mr Smart, in his thinnest and sharpest tones, "that this fellow never mentioned to you the fact that he had led me to imagine for the last eighteen years that my son was to inherit his property?"
"He never mentioned your name, Sir, to my knowledge; but there was a memorandum folded up in the will, which I did not read, which has a reference to you. Your family burying-place, I believe, is in this parish?"
"What the deuce has that to do with you, Sir?" inquired Mr Smart, with irritation.
"Nothing to do with me whatever, but something to do, it seems to me, with Robert Foracre. 'It is my wish,' he says, 'to be buried as far from Bartholomew Smart as the limits of the churchyard will permit, lest by any chance, when the devil comes to take him, as he most assuredly will, he should make any mistake.'"

The Danger of Aimlessness.
A great deal of time is wasted by young people who have no particular aim in life. Aimlessness and lack of motive are the obstacles to the best and most profitable use of time. With a goal to attain, an end to accomplish, and force of character sufficient to hold the mind steadfastly to its purpose, the sands of time are easily transmuted into golden rain. Life is made worth the living. Then, boys—especially if you live in the country—utilize your time. Resolve to turn to good account your hitherto wasteful moments. Most men of rank have easily learned the lesson of utilizing minutes. Elihu Burritt, "the learned blacksmith," found time, during his work at the forge, to master several languages, and surprised cultured Europe by addressing his chief learned body in Sanskrit. Hugh Miller learned the secrets of the old red sandstone in the capacity of a day laborer. While his fellow-workmen idled during their mornings, he was actively at work finding out the why of the specimens and fossils his hammer disclosed. Lord Chesterfield relates of one of his friends that he wrote a book of obituary character during the intervals of waiting for his wife to appear at breakfast. Why not follow such examples as these?

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I built a house for quiet and dim peace,
A place whereto when weary I might go,
To sit alone, and let the pent tears flow,
And feel a little better of my ease.
I built my house, I ringed it round with trees,
And often when the sun and winds were low
Fast and mused there, while there seemed to
grow
A rest begotten of dear memories.
But strange uncouth shapes with snake-wreathed
brows
Dut through my refuge and defile my grove.
So now no more about that house I move.
Still it looks peaceful through its shadowing
boughs:
But voices from within the calm disprove.
What say you, then—shall I not burn my house?

A Heroic Defense.

In the month of January, 1878, Mr. Maxwell, his wife, daughter May and four men, started from Miles City, with the intention of settling in the Lower Missouri, near where the old Stanley trail crosses that stream.

They had thirteen pairs of oxen dragging the wagons, and the progress, as a matter of course, was quite slow. However, there was no occasion for haste, and they jogged along steadily for several days, until they were near the O'Fallon Hills, when Mrs. Maxwell called attention to a couple of objects ahead, which she believed to be antelopes; but when her husband brought his field glass to bear, he pronounced them Indians.

This was alarming, for whatever aborigines are encountered in that portion of the Northwest may be set down as the most deadly kind of enemies.

Maxwell immediately halted the teams, and devoted an hour or two to ascertaining the precise status of affairs.

The result was the startling discovery that he was in the neighborhood of a hostile village of forty lodges. There was but one thing to do, and the wagons were instantly turned about, and the party retreated toward O'Fallon Creek.

The Indians followed, at a respectful distance, but did not attack; and, having reached the timber and water, Maxwell went into camp.

The site selected was an admirable one for defense, the ground being high, while a ravine ran round three sides, so that it was comparatively easy to guard against an attack from any direction.

The sun had set and it was growing dark, when the whites went into camp. But, confident that an attack would be made, the entire night was spent in making preparations for it. The bluffs did not run close to the water or timber, and the position was about two hundred yards from both. A goodly supply of water and wood was laid in, and the party waited anxiously the attack which they were sure was to come.

The morning dawned without bringing any signs of the Indians, but when the forenoon was half gone, the work was finished. The wagons formed one side, and logs, stacked filled with men and the others. Guns were fired, for mother and daughter, and strong rifle pits were constructed on three sides of the camp.

The Indians were discovered approaching, and the siege began on the day succeeding the arrival of the party at the point.

The cattle was kept in hand until night, when it was necessary to water them, as it was out of the question to preserve enough of the precious fluid for so many capacious stomachs. Accordingly, they were driven down to the creek, but had scarcely lowered their mouths, when the Indians made a dash and captured them all.

There was no way of preventing the catastrophe, nor of repairing it, and Mr. Maxwell took it philosophically.

The works were completed, and when night set in, the howling of the cattle filled the air. The Indians were driving them through the wood and round the camp in the hope that the whites would venture out to rescue them. But Maxwell and his friends were too wise to attempt any such rash exploit.

The leader of the party, however, could not shut his eyes to the fact that the situation of himself and friends was perilous in the highest degree. The Indians far outnumbered them, and commanding the supply of water, could reduce the whites to terms, by simply holding them where they were, provided they should fall in the direct assault.

A long and anxious consultation was held, and a characteristic stratagem was arranged. It was a bright moonlight night, but the savages seemed to have decided to do nothing except by daylight, and all was still around the beleaguered settlers. Finally, one of the whites crept stealthily out from behind the intrenchments, and by great care and patience succeeded in reaching the woods, undiscovered. Rising to his feet, he immediately started for Fort Keogh for help.

Maxwell and his friends listened intently, and without the slightest unusual noise they drew a sigh of relief and hope, confident that the messenger had got safely through the line.

This reduced the garrison to six persons—Mr. Maxwell, his wife, daughter, Mr. Bon-ton, George Farland and Jester Pruden. Through the night, the sentinels heard the Indians rifling up the ravine on their horses, and in the bright moonlight they were distinctly seen while at a considerable distance.

When they reached the creek, they dismounted, tied their ponies, and began crawling toward the fort.

The rifles of the whites were breech-loaders, and they were confident of making a rattling defense.

When the Indians were within about fifty yards, Maxwell gave the word to fire, and the fight opened. The bullets went down the slope with such dreadful rapidity that the savages immediately broke and fled; but two of their number were seen to fall, and a third dropped close to the works, where he lay in plain sight.

"Hold on!" he called out in broken English. Don't shoot. I'm hit—I'm good Injun."

It would have been the easiest matter in the world to have finished him, but the whites could not have refused his prayer for mercy, and they refrained, making no reply to him, however.

The warrior lay still awhile, and then said:

"Come help me; I'm wounded."

"Crawl in here, and we'll look out for you," replied Maxwell.

"No, no!" Injun come carry me off."

None of his brethren, however, ventured to his assistance, and after awhile, he rose to his feet with great difficulty and staggered down the hill some distance, when two Indians ran up to meet him and helped him out of sight.

The reception of the savages had been of a hotter nature than they had counted upon, and they began packing up their things and made a great show as though they intended leaving, but the whites were naturally suspicious.

Pretty soon they started, and shortly after the cattle were heard lowing again, the purpose of the red-skins being to persuade the whites that some of the animals had gotten loose and were wandering about the woods. But our friends could not be tempted by any such transparent artifice.

Finding that all efforts to deceive the emigrants failed, the Indians were filled with desperation, and charged boldly up the slope, yelling and firing their guns as they came.

They disused to each side of the fort, but the defenders remained cool, and fired deliberately and effectively, while the shots of the red men did no damage to those who were so securely sheltered behind their breastwork.

This desultory warfare was kept up all night, during which more than one of the assailants was forced to bite the dust, while the emigrants received not so much as a scratch.

When daylight came, the Indians drew off again, and, going in among the hills, built a number of fires. It was not long before several thin columns of smoke were discerned in the distance.

"Those are signal fires," said Maxwell. "What do they mean?" asked one of the men.

"They are calls for help, and those replies announce that it will be sent. We shall soon have the hottest kind of work; so rest while you can."

Maxwell was correct in his conclusion, for at the end of a couple of hours reinforcements began arriving from the south, and joined them in the hills.

Not long after, a number approached the fort, and called out:

"How! how! Come out! Give up!" "We will give up, never!" shouted back Maxwell. We like this kind of fighting! If you like, give us some more!"

The Indians accepted the invitation, and began crawling through the grass, sheltering themselves behind every little mound or clump of earth which came in their way.

"Observe that rascal," said Maxwell. He has flattened himself out like a window-pane; but I can fetch him, for all that!"

And thereupon, he proceeded to "fetch" him.

The firing became rapid at this juncture, and continued with scarcely any intermission for two hours. It was eminently wise in Maxwell to take such care and pains in the throwing up of his intrenchments, for he and his party would have been overwhelmed, despite their brave defense, but for the very great effectiveness of the means of resistance.

As it was, at the end of a couple of hours the savages were within an ace of getting inside the "fort." They steadily pushed their way forward, and for a few minutes it seemed as if they were certain to succeed; but the breech-loaders in the hands of the four brave men were terribly effective, and, at the crisis of the battle, the red-skins suddenly broke and rushed down the hill again.

They now gathered in the woods for consultation. It is hard to guess what their conclusion was, but they divided into five parties, went on the hills again, built large fires, and encamped.

A half-dozen warriors, at intervals, sauntered toward the "fort," and showed great solicitude for a "talk," but Maxwell warned them to keep away, or he would fire upon them.

"Their object is to find out how many of us are here," he said, to his men, "so keep close, so as to prevent them. It will be to our advantage if we can quadruple our numbers in their eyes."

One of the warriors was determined to interview the whites, and refused to take warning. When he got too close, Maxwell winged him, and he went limping off, howling with pain.

Mrs. Maxwell and her daughter were fully as brave as their defenders. They cooked food, and carried it to each man, who took it in one hand while he held his rifle in the other.

The situation remained thus for the rest of the day and through the entire night. The Indians sat around their respective camp-fires, and now and then made an ineffectual effort to open conversation with the white men in the intrenchments.

The next day had scarcely opened, when the savages once more renewed the attack. This time they surrounded the fort, and the charge was most bitter and determined.

It continued for a half hour, during which the bravery and coolness of the little band were developed in a still more astonishing manner, and the result was the assailants made as tumultuous a retreat as before.

It would seem that they ought to have been satisfied with what they had done—or rather had attempted to do—but they showed no honest intentions of giving over the

fight, even though they must have come to believe the number of the garrison was much greater than was the case.

The Indians now resorted to the artifice of firing arrows into the camp—a practice which was a great deal more dangerous than the reader would be apt to suspect.

The red men have a fashion of shooting these missiles in the air, so they will descend almost perpendicularly, striking very close to the spot intended.

That it was exceedingly dangerous will appear from the fact that, while none of the whites had been wounded up to this time, it was not many minutes before one of them was badly hurt by one of the arrows, they having no protection against that sort of an attack.

They improvised such armor as they could, however, and no more damage was inflicted, though the curious method of assault was kept up for a considerable time.

About noon a curious thing occurred. An Indian, who had been smoking, started at a deliberate walk toward the fort. The whites were in no mood for trifling, and, as the warrior knew the risk he ran, they opened upon him. Nevertheless, he continued steadily forward until within nearly a hundred feet, when he dropped dead.

Maxwell suspected he was a medicine man, who wished to show his brother warriors that no bullets could injure him, though it was not at all improbable that it may have been an aboriginal method of suicide.

It looked as if but the one recourse remained to the Indians, and that was to hold the pioneers where they were until hunger and thirst should accomplish that which the warriors themselves were unable to do.

They made no more charges of the desperate nature described, but, lying down in the grass, kept up an unremitting watch for a shot at the brave defenders.

The appearance of a head or hand was sure to bring a dozen bullets whistling around the intrenchments, and it certainly is wonderful that none of the whites were killed.

But the emigrants were equally vigilant, and they did telling work. One savage became somewhat careless of exposure, and Maxwell himself bored him clean through with a bullet. Another, upon a pony, was fired at, but the animal was killed, and fell so suddenly that it was all his rider could do to clamber out of danger.

The great peril of the party was from the want of water. They could not get along without this, and a passage was dug under the breastworks, and one of the men succeeded in crawling out, and, with the assistance of cover, got a supply from the creek, and returned without detection. Another gathered a lot of wood, both exploits, of course, being done by night.

In the morning the besieged built a fire, and a tent was put up, proceedings which must have astonished the Indians not a little.

At any rate, they were so infuriated that they opened a spiteful fusillade against the fire, which was kept up for half an hour, but did no damage whatever.

They continued circling about the fort, firing into, or rather at it, but in such a desultory manner that Maxwell was sure their ammunition was giving out.

At noon, on the third day, they drew off, one of their number calling:

"Good-by! We go now!"

"Who are you?" shouted Maxwell.

"Sioux and Nez Perces," was the answer.

There was reason to believe that the savages were actually departing, but the whites dared not venture out. It would certainly be incurring a great risk, which was unnecessary.

On the fourth day, Colonel Baker, of the Second Cavalry, with a strong force, was seen approaching the fort, under the guidance of the runner who had stolen out on the first night from the fort.

The Indians did not molest them, and the colonel conducted the little party back to Tongue River, where they stayed until fully recovered from the excitement of one of the most heroic defenses known in the history of the frontier.

A MODEL LAWYER.

"Squire Johnson" was a model lawyer, as the following anecdote will evince:

Mr. Jones once rushed into the Squire's office in a great passion. "That infernal scoundrel of a cobbler, Smith, has sued me, Mr. Johnson—sued me for five dollars I owe him for a pair of boots!"

"Then you owe him the five dollars?"

"To be sure I do; but he has gone and sued me—sued me!"

"Then why don't you pay him, if you owe him?"

"Because he's sued me; and when a man does that, I'll never pay him till it costs him more than he gets. I want you to make it cost him all you can."

"But it will cost you something, too."

"I don't care for that; what do you charge to begin with?"

"Ten dollars; and more if there is much extra trouble."

"All right! There's the X. Now go ahead!"

No sooner was the client gone, than Squire Johnson stepped across to his neighbor Smith, and offered to pay the bill, on condition that the suit be withdrawn. The shoemaker gladly acceded—all he wanted was his pay. The lawyer retained the other five for his fee, and as the case was not "troublesome," made no further demands upon his client.

Ten days after Jones comes in to see how his case is getting along.

"All right," said the lawyer. "You won't have any trouble about that. I put it to Smith so strongly that he was glad to withdraw the suit altogether."

"Capital!" cried the exulting Jones. "You've done it up brown. You shall have all my business."

Ancient Boot-Making.

The first mention of a book in the Bible is in Genesis v. 1, where it is implied that some kinds of records were kept from the very days of Adam. Some think that the book of Job was written earlier than the books of Moses. Without doubt it belongs to the time of the patriarchs.

Books in the early ages were written on the leaves of the papyrus, on skins, on cloth, on tablets of stone, of wood, of lead and of brass. Among the Hebrews the sacred books were usually written on skins prepared like the parchment of modern times. To form even one principal section of the Bible many skins had to be sewed together. When written upon, the connected skin or volume was rolled upon a round piece of wood, or, if long, upon two pieces from the two ends. The reader therefore unrolled the book to the place he wanted, and rolled it up again when he ceased to read. (See Luke iv. 17-20.) The volume thus rolled upon the pieces of wood could be easily tied and sealed. (See Isa. xxxix. 11; Dan. xii. 4.)

The labor of making, copying and multiplying books by hand was very great. Many persons spent their whole lives in this tedious work. As the copying of the sacred writings required great care, in order to avoid errors and to make the books readable, persons had to be trained to the task. Indeed the copying of the scriptures came to be a second art. In this way arose the profession, and, as may be said, the learned caste of the scribes. As they had the care of the rolls of volumes of the law, they were sometimes called lawyers. Not only did they make copies of the sacred text, but they claimed to explain it, and thus acquired great influence with the people. From our Lord's reproofs to the scribes of his day, we learn that they did not always use their influence for good.

The chief scribes among the Jews were teachers. In the outer court of the temple were many chambers, in which they sat on elevated platforms and overlooked their pupils, who sat on lower platforms, and thus at their feet. When we remember the wars, the captives and the persecutions of the Jews, we may well consider the safe-keeping and handing-down of the sacred records to modern times as among the wonders of Divine Providence.—*Golden Days.*

A SOCIAL SENSATION IN WASHINGTON.

The latest social sensation, says the Washington correspondent of the Boston Herald, is that caused by the arrest of a young man named St. Clair, otherwise known as "Sis" Sinclair. This young man found great enjoyment in attending the numerous fashionable balls, parties, and receptions given here during the present winter, attired in the clothing of a fashionable belle of the season. His "get up" was somewhat remarkable, and, strange to say, he played his difficult part so well that he was not discovered until Wednesday evening last, while in attendance at the social given by the Minnesota State Association at Masonic Temple. There he attended, and attracted much attention, being, as it were, one of the leading belles of the evening. He was arrested soon after leaving the Temple. He claims to be but fifteen years old, but his father says he is twenty. His dress was of the latest fashion, and he wore four-button white kid gloves. His hair ornamentations were procured at the same place where other belles procure them, and were decidedly tasteful. He managed his train with elegance and ease. He has a very feminine appearance, and as a lady, would be called very good looking. In the pocket of the dress was found a note signed by a Southern and somewhat obscure member of Congress, who has failed to be re-elected, requesting the doorman of the House galleries "to admit the bearer at all times to the ladies' gallery," besides three letters, which he, as "Miss Sinclair," had received from certain male admirers and a female friend. The case was "fixed" at the Police Court, and no prosecution followed, though there were a great many curious persons there yesterday morning, who wanted to see the young fellow.

THE POINTS OF LAW.

"You see, boss, dar's a nigger libin' up my way who orter be taken care of," said an old darkey to the captain at the Central Station yesterday.

"What's he been doing now?" "Waal, sah, las' fall I lent him my ax, and when I wanted it back he braced right up an' tole me that possession was nine parts o' law, and refused to give it up."

"Yes."

"Waal, de odder day I sent de ole woman ober and she borrowed his buck-saw, an' when Julius cum for it I tole him jist like he answered me, and stood on my dignity."

"Well?"

"I had nine points o' law, didn't I?"

"Yes."

"An' how many pints am de law composed of?"

"I don't know exactly."

"Well, dat's what boddies me, fur dat nigger saw dem nine pints, shet up dislef eye for me, pitched de ole woman over a bar'l and walked off wid his saw an' my snow-shovel, to boot! If I had nine pints he mus' hev had ober twenty, and eben den de did't half let himself out!"

Conference of 1881.

An Ecumenical Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church and its branches will meet in London in September, 1881. This conference has been talked of in the churches of the denomination for several years, but no decided action was taken until last May, when at the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in Cincinnati, a plan was drawn up and agreed to by the representatives of the Methodist Episcopal Church and the different branches in the United States. The denomination numbers over 4,000,000 of actual communicants, and a Methodist population of about 15,000,000. There are numerous branches in Europe and this country, and they will all be represented in this

conference. The members of the conference will number 400, one-half of whom will represent British and Continental Methodism, and one-half the churches in the United States and Canada.

As nearly as possible the conference will be composed of lay and clerical delegates equally.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

For a common cough, hop and bone-set candy-drops are excellent. Apples before breakfast, well masticated, are an aid to the digestive organs.

Thick, broad soles for the shoes are now in order. Dry, warm feet will save many a doctor's bill.

If you have cold feet sit daily at a window where the sun's rays have unobstructed admission, and let them fall on the extremities from knees to toes.

Dr. Foote's Health Monthly says that "Lager beer is a good gargle for sore throat. Temperance people need not swallow it, and intemperate persons should not."

CURE FOR CHILBLAINS.—Slice raw potatoes, with the skins on, and sprinkle over them a little salt, and as soon as the liquid therefrom settles in the bottom of the dish, wash with it the chilblains; one application is all that is necessary.

A GOOD CURE FOR COLDS.—Boil two ounces of flaxseed in one quart of water; strain, and add two ounces of rock candy, one-half pint of honey, juice of three lemons; mix, and let all boil well; let cool, and bottle. Dose, one cupful before bed, one-half cupful before meals. The hotter you drink it the better.

HOW PEOPLE GET SICK.—Eating too much and too fast; swallowing imperfectly masticated food; using too much fluids at meals; drinking poisonous whisky and other intoxicating drinks; repeatedly using poisonous medicines; keeping late hours at night, and sleeping late in the morning; wearing clothing too tight; wearing thin shoes; neglecting to wash the body sufficiently to keep the pores open; exchanging the warm clothes worn during the day for costumes and exposure incident to evening parties; compressing the stomach to gratify a vain and foolish passion for dress; harassing the mind with borrowed troubles; swallowing quack nostrums for every imaginary ill, taking meals at irregular intervals.

REMEDY FOR DIPHTHERIA.—The method of treating that form of pulmonary consumption which consists in the ulcerations in the substance of the lungs, by means of blisters on the chest, and thus giving an artificial outlet of the humors which otherwise discharge from the lungs, has been successfully applied to various other diseases in which the vital organs were attacked. Even various forms of internal inflammation may in this way be drawn to the exterior, and the latest application of this method has been made with diphtheria. Dr. Davis, of Mankato, Minn., blisters the chest of his patients suffering from diphtheria, and the ulceration, which otherwise takes place in the throat, will appear on the chest, while the throat becomes free. He discovered this while treating a wounded man, who got diphtheria before his wound was healed, and the suppuration appeared in the wound and not in the throat.

Impurity in Ice.

The popular delusion that water in the process of freezing somehow eliminates any impurity it may contain, or that the vitality of animal or vegetable germs is destroyed by the cold, is now very generally exploded. Now, however, that the season for gathering ice is once more approaching, it will be just as well that attention should be again drawn to the dangerous nature of the fallacy alluded to. An American naturalist has been microscopically examining fragments of ice taken from various canals and ponds. He took only such specimens as appeared clean, and were quite transparent to the eye. On melting them and subjecting them to magnifying powers, varying up to 900 diameters, he says that vegetable tissue and coniferoid growth were in most cases observable at once. He found no instance in which animalcules were present in an active state after freezing, but after being allowed to stand for a while in a moderate temperature the water presented monads whose movements were easily distinguished with a magnifying power of from 200 to 400 diameters. After a while coniferæ were growing and taking form similar to the nests occupied by the young of the Paramoecium, common in stagnant water. The result of the observations is to prove beyond question that freezing does not in any way eliminate impurity or prevent the subsequent development of animal or vegetable germs. This is merely a confirmation of what has already been asserted and proved before, but the matter is of such importance that it is not likely to be urged with unnecessary frequency. Many persons who will look askance at a glass of unfiltered water will not hesitate to cool their drink by dropping a knob of ice into it. That from ponds and canals is, of course, ostensibly gathered for non-dietetic purposes, but it is to be feared that in hot weather ice is ice, and that much risk of mischief is often incurred. It may be questioned whether this industry should not be looked after a little.—*London Globe.*

The Old Trick.

In Iowa the lightning-rod agents have been exposed so often that the farmers refuse to have anything to do with them whatever, and the agents have been obliged to resort to severe measures. They use the Henry improved rifle, and load with ball cartridge. In Mercer county a couple of the agents were obliged to kill an old farmer who refused to sign a note for \$1,800 for sixty feet of galvanized rod with two points on it. In his dying moments the old farmer explained that he would have paid \$1,800 for the \$8 worth of rod, but the scoundrels had fixed the note so it could be raised to \$18,000, and that would have taken everything he had. A man has got to look out in transactions of this kind. There is no friendship in business.—*Peck's Sun.*

Two Texas desperadoes agreed to fight with knives in a closed room at Fort Worth. They were prevented by arrest.

USEFUL HINTS.

The fine siftings of coal ashes are excellent to scour knives with.

Drive two large nails through two spoons, as far apart as your broom-handle is thick, and hang your broom on, brush up, to keep it straight.

Brooms should always be hung up, and kerosene cans should always be set in an old tin dish which is past using for baking purposes.

TO RAISE THE PILE ON VELVET.—When the pile is pressed down, cover a hot smoothing-iron with a wet cloth, and hold the velvet firmly over it; the vapor arising will raise the pile of the velvet with the assistance of a light whisk or clothes brush.

WINTERING FLOWER ROOTS.—The roots of many useful and ornamental plants, such as cannas, dahlias, and gladioli, may be safely wintered in dry soil by means of external coverings. But, as they do not require light during the winter, it is safer to lift and store them in a dry cellar or building from which the frost is excluded. We find them to keep best, says an agricultural writer, packed in a soil just moist enough to keep the roots from swelling.

The following oil is recommended as an excellent compound preparation for restoring and strengthening the hair: Take of purified beef marrow, say four ounces; purified lard, two ounces; concrete oil of mace, four ounces; oil of cloves, lavender, mint, rosemary sage and thyme, each two drachms; balsam of tolu, four drachms; camphor, one drachm; alcohol, one ounce; place the alcohol in a glass matress, and with the heat of a warm-water bath dissolve therein the balsam of tolu; add the camphor and essential oil. On the other hand, melt together the marrow, lard, oil of mace, and as it coagulates add the alcoholic solution made, and stir the whole until it is entirely cooled. Lubricate the head with oil once or twice every twenty-four hours.

REPAIRING A SCRATCHED MIRROR.—Remove the silvering from the glass around the scratch so that the clear space will be about a quarter of an inch wide. Thoroughly clean the clear space with a clean cloth and alcohol. Near the edge of a broken piece of looking-glass mark out a piece of silvering a little larger than the clear space on the mirror to be repaired. Now place a very minute drop of mercury on the center of the patch, and allow it to remain for a few minutes; clear away the silvering around the patch, and slide the latter from the glass. Place it over the clear spot on the mirror, and gently press it down with a tuft of cotton. This is a difficult operation, and we would advise a little practice before trying it on a large mirror.—*Scientific American.*

FANCY SOAP-BAG.—Take two medium-sized, three-ply wooden plates; bore in each twelve holes near the edge and at equal distances from each other, leaving a space where there are no holes for the opening of the bag. Paint or draw with India ink on the bottom of each plate—which is to be the outside—some pretty design. Take a piece of satin about three-quarters of a yard long and over an eighth of a yard wide; hem each end and run in a short piece of elastic. Gather each side and draw up till it makes a puff just long enough to reach between the two end-holes of a plate. Bind the edges of the puff. Then make twelve little slits in each binding corresponding to the holes in the plates. Take two yards of satin ribbon, half an inch wide; put it through the first hole on the outside of the plate and through the first slit in the binding, through the second slit and second hole, and so on till it comes out through the twelfth hole in the plate. Tie the ends together in a bow. Take two yards more of ribbon and do the same with the other plate. By careful cutting, three-eighths of a yard of satin is enough for the puff and binding.

CHARLES LAMB.

A hundred years ago, next Wednesday, Charles Lamb was born in the heart of that city he loved so well, and in whose quaint corners he loved to wander and to muse. A Charles Lamb Centenary Festival at the Crystal Palace, with odes, and dinners, and speeches, and songs, is not to be thought of, even if sufficient enthusiasm for the general essayist could be evoked. Such a proceeding would be entirely out of harmony with the gentle spirit of his nature, and would be utterly devoid of sympathy with the finest parts of his character. In some old, behind-the-age tavern, quaint and sand-floored, round a rare old punch-bowl, containing rare old punch, one could imagine a few enthusiastic admirers of the genial humorist drinking to his memory. And such would be the kind of centenary festival that he would have desired, could the kindly essayist ever have imagined the position he would have held among the literature of England. Charles Lamb lives in our hearts, and requires no flourish of trumpets, nor waving of banners, nor fierce disputation to prove that he was a great and a good man. "I often shed tears," he said "in the motley Strand, for the fullness of joy at so much life." How he would wonder at the changes, the life, the bustle, the turmoil of the Strand, could he see it in the present day, and how curious it is that the part that he loved best in London, namely, the Temple, is less changed than any other part of the metropolis, and could he return to life he would find the chambers he once occupied scarcely changed, and the houses surrounding them hardly altered!

The Marquis of Stafford, a member of Parliament, eldest son of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, is to marry Miss Harford, daughter of Mr. William Harford. The young lady was one of the London beauties of last season, and almost the only one of whom nothing was said in the newspapers.

The women of Salt Lake City have organized a "Woman's National Anti-Polygamy Society." It is the purpose of

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